January 25, 1975

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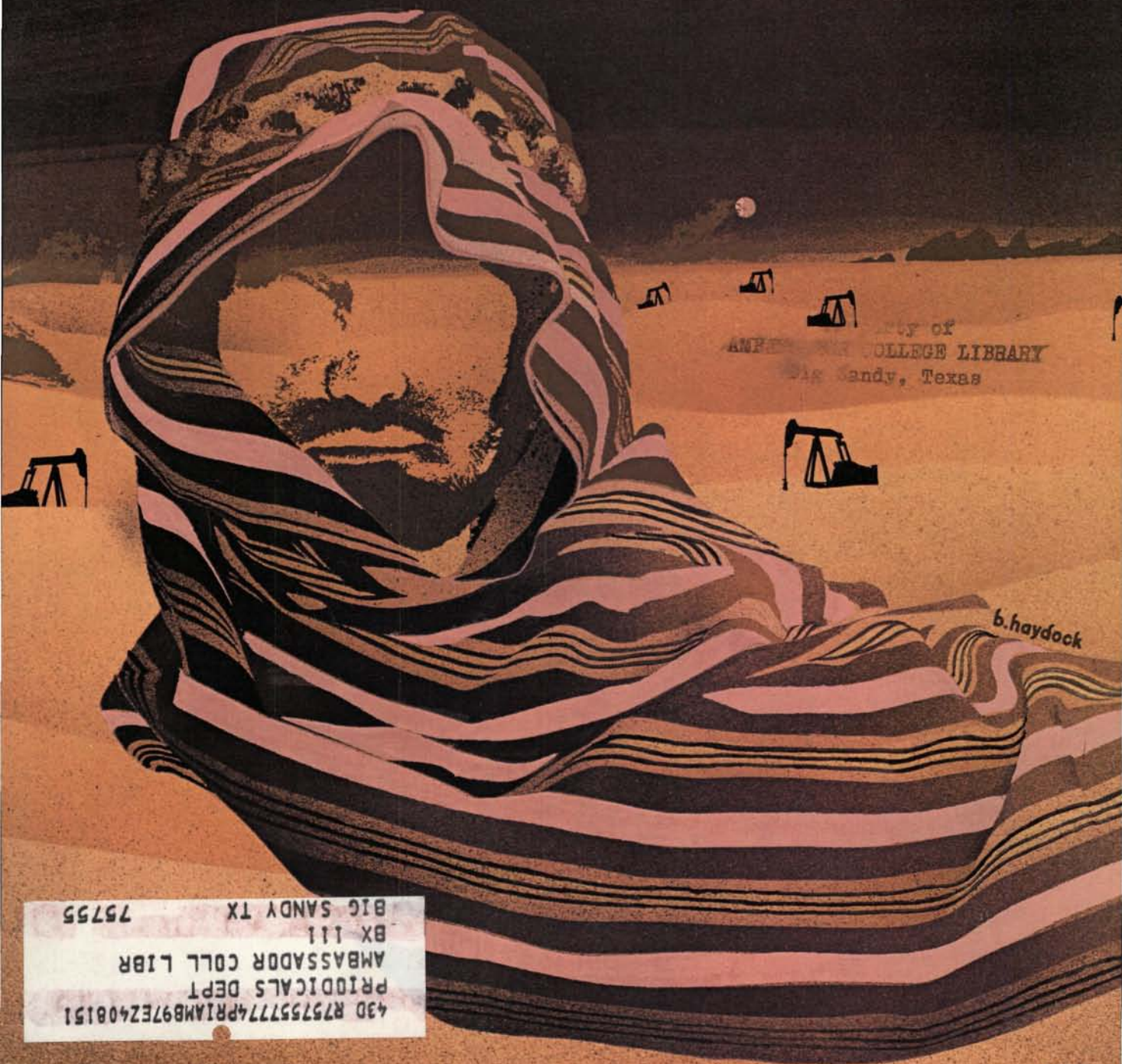
Saturday Review

International Business Review

The Petrodollar: Will Araby Bankrupt the World?



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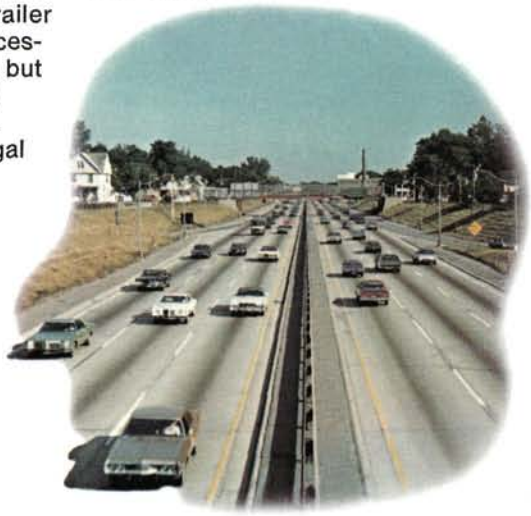

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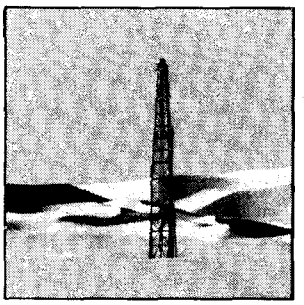

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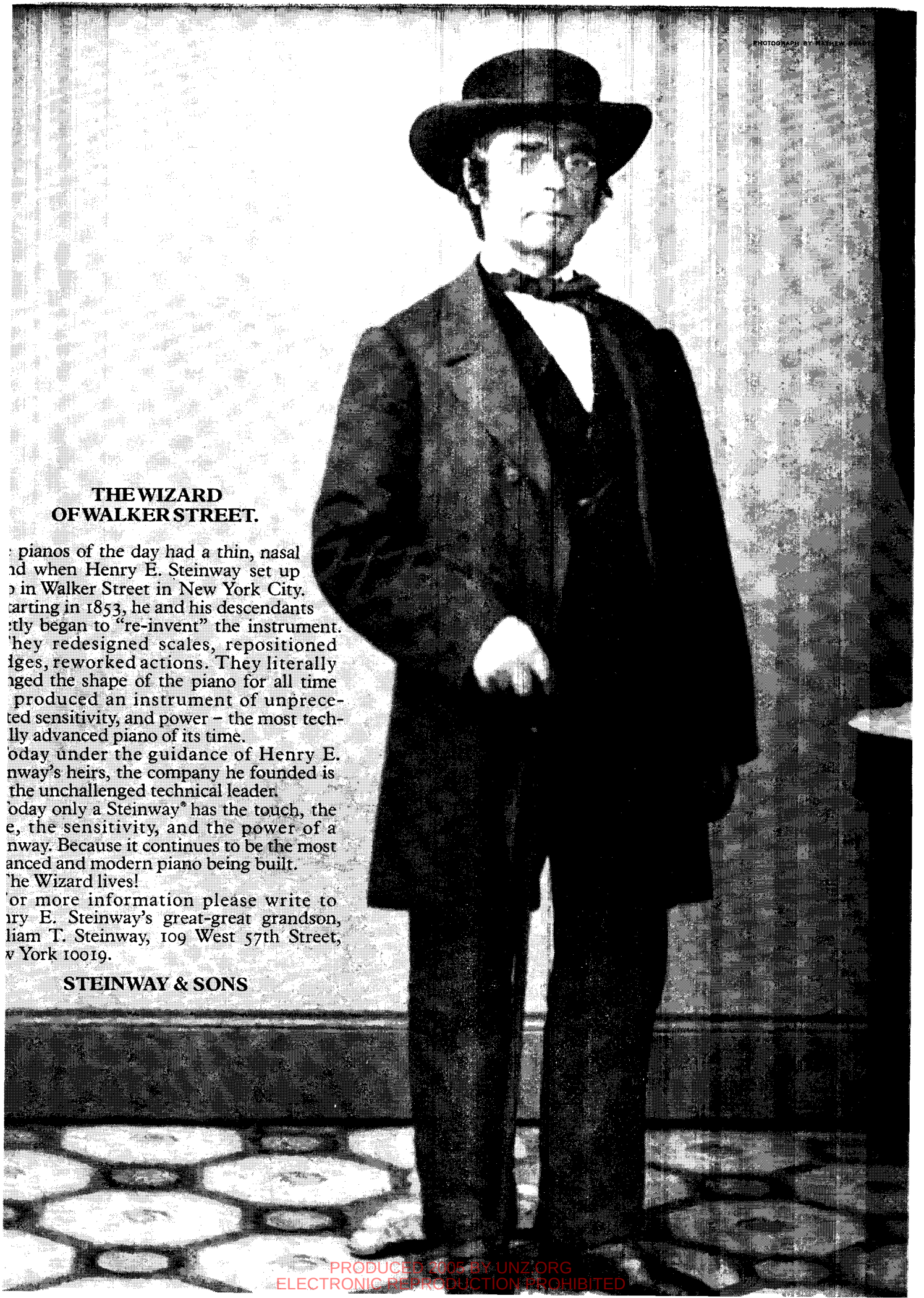

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U Thant

Shortly after U Thant's death in a New York hospital, his earthly remains were sent to Burma for burial. Then ensued one of the most unusual battles in recent history—the struggle over a corpse.

Few men worked harder to abolish violence in the world. Few men were more deserving to rest in peace. Yet no sooner did U Thant's body arrive in his homeland than it was forcibly captured by students who felt that the government was paying insufficient respect and honor to a man they regarded as the greatest Burmese of the twentieth century. To many of his countrymen, U Thant was a symbol of both peace and social justice. They eagerly anticipated his return after the completion of his term as Secretary-General of the United Nations. But U Thant had no desire to become embroiled in political battles. And so he stayed in the United States, working on his memoirs. Ironically, he has been catapulted in death into the turmoil he sought to avoid in life.

The battle over the corpse, however, is evidence of the impact he has made not just on his countrymen but on people everywhere. Just as Mahatma Gandhi's name symbolized non-violence during his lifetime but was invoked as a call to militant action after his death, so the name of U Thant, the peaceful Buddhist, will be a prime force for justice in his native land. Gentility and kindness were high among his articles of faith but there was no lack of conviction or dynamism in his quest for peace. His style as U.N. Secretary-General was to avoid open breaks but not to abandon a cause or yield on principle. He never shied away from a confrontation he knew to be essential, distasteful though it might be to him philosophically.

He came to office just as the Congo crisis was ending and the Vietnam crisis was beginning. His predecessor, Dag Hammarskjöld, was a man of high sensitivities who liked to probe into the paradoxes of life and the discontinuities of history. After Hammarskjöld's death in a plane crash in Africa, there was a general feeling at the United Nations that the new Secretary-General should be an Asian and, if possible, personify the calm and stability that were most needed by the world organization at that time. U Thant was a natural choice. He was born in Asia, but his education in the West gave him footing in both worlds. He was a man of extraordinary intelligence and quiet ways.

Yet the hoped-for period of calm at the United Nations was not to be. In 1962, the United States and the Soviet Union came within inches of the nuclear pushbuttons over the Cuban missile crisis. Meanwhile, the Geneva treaty that ended the French Indo-Chinese war was coming unstuck. In 1960, the United States became involved in the political turmoil of Laos and Vietnam, giving ever-widening support to Saigon in the war with Hanoi. By 1964, the United States was fully committed, with troops of its own. In 1967, the Middle East war erupted again. The next year, Soviet troops marched into Prague, demonstrating Moscow's determination to keep the liberation movement in Central Europe within fixed limits.

As viewed from the outside, it appeared to some people that the Secretary-General was doing very little to prevent or cope with these conflicts and convulsions. To those who worked with him directly, however, it was plain that he was using the resources of his office to the fullest in an attempt to keep the fires from spreading. He helped to maintain communications between President Kennedy and Premier Khrushchev during the Cuban missile crisis. His greatest test came in 1967 when his withdrawal of U.N. troops from the Middle East figured largely in the outbreak of the Arab-Israeli war. What was not generally known was that he had attempted vainly to obtain the support of the major powers for keeping the troops in Egypt. His efforts to bring about peace talks in Vietnam were unremitting. He worked tirelessly behind the scenes to facilitate the holding of the Paris Conference.

All the underlying weaknesses of the United Nations became visible during the Sixties. It is doubtful whether any other Secretary-General could have done more than U Thant did to function within those limitations. From the inception of the United Nations, the major powers were determined to use the organization as an extension of their foreign policies rather than as a common instrument for dealing with basic causes of war and for enforcing the peace on the basis of justice. The founders at San Francisco in 1945 never resolved the problem of representation. The term *equality*, so dominant in the political philosophy of the past 200 years, was allowed to become the shibboleth that was to paralyze the United Nations. What did *equality* mean as applied to nations? Did it mean that any country, regardless of population or other vital factors, should be a full and equal member with all other countries? Did it mean that if the United States dissolved into 40 or more states, all of them would become equal members of the United Nations? How could the General Assembly deal with the world's common dangers and common needs so long as the United Nations reflected the world's fragmentation instead of transcending it? These

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iestions were not resolved at San Fran-
sco and were to become points of seri-
is structural weakness with the passing
years.

Every attempt since 1945 to face up these questions has been put down, ually by the major nations, with the nited States and the Soviet Union lead-g the way. Under the circumstances, e surprise is not that U Thant should ive been ineffectual in some respects, it that he should have been able to nction at all.

He was one of a small handful of men ho occupy a new station in human his-ry. Their job is to represent not just e national interest but the human in-rest. It is an extraordinarily difficult ndertaking, for no agency on earth ossesses falser notions of what consti-tes reason and justice than the national overeignties. Yet the ability of the orld's peoples to stay free of a nuclear olocaust depends heavily on their abil-y to transcend the national tribalisms nd to be represented on a world scale.

U Thant recognized this challenge but e also knew he had to work with the isting forms. He had extraordinary in-llectual and spiritual endowments, but ey were not infinite. He knew—increas-gly often in later years—the terrors of tigue. His formal working day began rly in the morning and continued to ine at night. Even then, the telephone nd the work pursued him at home. Sat-rdays were full working days. On Sun-ays, the locale but not the intensity of ie work changed. He was a man who oved the life of the mind, but in the rst nine years of office he found the me to read fewer than a dozen books. On two or three occasions during those ears, Adlai Stevenson almost bodily fted him out of his office to take him o a movie or to the theater.

In the two years after U Thant left ie United Nations, he devoted himself o a book that would give substance to ose views. He had the satisfaction of ompleting that book before a develop-ng malignancy sapped his energy and ade it impossible for him to spend time t his desk. There have been reports that ublication of the book may be deferred r even cancelled because the publishers eel public interest may be lacking. We elieve such a view to be a profound rror. It would be unfortunate and even hocking if the book does not appear.

We at the *Saturday Review* are deeply oud to have had U Thant as one of our ditors. N.C.

United Nations

U.N. Farewell—"His capacity to endure the shortcomings of people was boundless."

U Thant the Buddhist

by Robert Muller

When I worked for him, U Thant was for me a master in the art of living. Even when I joined his immediate staff in 1970, I had difficulty in understanding the inner motivations of this humble and unobtrusive man. It took me some time before I discovered that his kindness and restraint were part of a deep philosophy of life and the result of intensive training. I never heard him say anything adverse about another person. Considering the experiences and exposures of a Secretary-General, such restraint was tantamount to sanctity. Nor did I ever hear him complain. His capacity to endure the shortcomings and errors of other people was boundless. At 9 or 10 o'clock in the evening, after seeing dozens of visitors at quarter-of-an-hour intervals, and after being bombarded by a succession of insistent problems, he was as calm and controlled as when he arrived at the office in the morning. Graciousness and understanding were expressions of his philosophy. Discipline and self-control were expressions of his character.

Robert Muller is director of the U.N. Office for Inter-Agency Affairs and Coordination.

Often, in the evening, when I presented him with a problem on which a decision was needed, he simply remained silent for a few moments. This was especially the case when differences had arisen between two heads of departments at the United Nations. Their memoranda requesting resolution did not produce abrupt executive action. U Thant would contemplate the problem, knowing that the worst thing he could do would be to side with one or the other. His technique was to deflect the disputants from direct combat, getting them to bury their differences in common matters on which they could agree. On one occasion, I found myself bearing the following message to two combatants, each of whom was looking to the Secretary-General for total support:

U Thant will simply not take an absolute decision in favor of either one of you. Your memoranda will be returned to you unanswered, no matter how many times you will raise the issue with him, unless you yourselves take the initiative in proposing a common cause of action. He feels that you know the answer to your problem much better than he does. You are well trained and highly skilled officials. You are expected to solve problems, not to create them. The U.N. is preaching understanding and accommodation between nations. This is the least

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Guest Editorial

"U Thant was right: Man can learn so much by simply opening himself to others, by lowering the barriers of his self-sufficiency and infallibility."

that can be expected of officers of the U.N.

Generally, the disputing officials were able to arrive at a mutually satisfactory solution over U Thant's polite directions now received. When I reported the outcome to U Thant, he looked at me kindly and said nothing, as though there were nothing at all unusual or unpredictable about the amicable and prompt settlement.

I had learned of the importance of spirituality in U Thant's life, through the book *U Thant, the Search for Peace*, by June Bingham. A neighbor of U Thant, she had written his biography on the basis of interviews while she rode with him from Riverdale to mid-Manhattan. I made a special effort to acquaint myself with Buddhism. After U Thant discovered that I was not the dry, pragmatic Western economist he first thought I was, but that I had some inclination toward metaphysical and even mystical matters, we would have long philosophical conversations. Late one evening I told him that he had made me aware that simplicity and kindness were among the highest values.

When he spoke about religion and ethics, U Thant seemed to be in his element. Often he would invite to lunch noted philosophers, authors, religious leaders, Nobel Prize winners. I have many cherished memories from his reports of conversations with his notable guests.

One day he received a group of Buddhists from various countries. The spokesman, an articulate young American Buddhist, pleaded with U Thant to stay on as Secretary-General:

"We need an ethical man at the helm of the United Nations in this troubled time. As Buddhists we are extremely happy that you occupy this high position, and we feel that it is your duty toward humanity to stay."

I regret that I did not have a tape recorder to register U Thant's answer, which was one of the fullest presentations of his philosophy. He began by giving his visitors a Buddhist interpretation of the U.N. Charter:

"I have not found the slightest difficulty or contradiction between my Buddhist faith and my duties as Secretary-General of the United Nations. On the contrary, in my view, the U.N. Charter embodies most of the essential teachings of the Lord Buddha: the principle of non-recourse to force and violence; the fostering of understanding and cooperation; the goal of harmonizing the actions of nations; and the principle of unity in diversity."

He developed these themes at length, using Buddhist words. Having expounded the basic harmony between his beliefs and his duties, he commented on his daily work:

"I wake up in the morning as a Buddhist and a Burmese and meditate at least for a short while in order to set my work, actions, and thoughts into the right perspective. When I return home in the evening, I become again a Burmese and a Buddhist: I exchange my Western clothes for the Burmese longyi and reintegrate my family, which has retained fully the Burmese and Buddhist ways of life.

"But when I enter my office in Manhattan, you will understand that I must forget that I am a Burmese and a Buddhist. One of my duties is to receive many people—diplomats, political men, scientists, writers, journalists, and my U.N. colleagues. Most of my visitors have something specific to say to me; they wish to leave with me a message, a deeply felt belief or an idea. In order to receive and fully understand what my human brother has to say to me, I must open myself to him, I must empty myself of myself. . . ."

U THANT WAS RIGHT: Man can learn so much by simply opening himself to others, by lowering the barriers of his self-sufficiency and infallibility. One is no longer entirely oneself, but a crossroads, an essence of others and consequently a profoundly balanced and integrated member of the human race. Humility and meditation lead in the end to integrity. It is perhaps the clue to serenity in our bewildered, complex world.

At the end of the meeting with the young Buddhist, the Secretary-General gently but firmly reiterated his decision not to seek reelection: "A younger man is now seated in the post."

Another lesson that U Thant taugh me had an even broader dimension:

The Secretary-General of the Unite Nations receives the most fascinatin mail on earth: letters from schoolchi dren, from mothers, from prisoner from people who believe that they ar God and instruct him, as their son o representative on earth, to act in suc or such a way, from people who threate him, from individuals who have a pla to straighten the Pisa Tower, sav Venice, or pacify the Middle East, hav declarations of independence, interde pendence, liberty, equality, etc., etc.

Among those letters one day came sev eral long, unfolding pamphlets. A ma who had worked for space programs ha arranged the teachings of Buddhism i a set of tables encompassing all physica mental, moral, and spiritual phenomen that Buddhism had identified for ma on his planet and in relation to the uni verse.

U Thant mused over the material an then told me of his plan to write a bool titled *Ethics for Our Time*, which woul blend the virtues of Oriental wisdom wit the merits of Western dynamism. Alas he never found time for that project.

He had a keen sense of humor. "T tell you the truth," he once said to me "I have meditated a lot in my life, and have never reached Nirvana. But on day I went to an American dentist t have a tooth pulled out. He gave me a injection and within minutes I experi enced it for the first time!"

U Thant left behind innumerabl friends who were touched by his inne strength and immense moral virtues. I was not quite accurate for him to say that he divested himself of his Buddhis beliefs during his daily work. On th contrary, by practicing kindness, se renity, and understanding, he applie his religion fully and gave a living ex ample of the four "noble truths" se down by Buddha:

"All existence is suffering."

"Suffering is caused by desire."

"Desire can be suppressed."

"The way to suppress desire is to fol low the noble eightfold path, which in volves right conduct, right belief, and right meditation."

After Trygve Lie the Robust and Hammarskjöld the Magnificent, U Thant the Kind contributed greatly, in his very unique way, to the symbiosis between world evolution and the personal qualities of the man at the helm of the world organization. □

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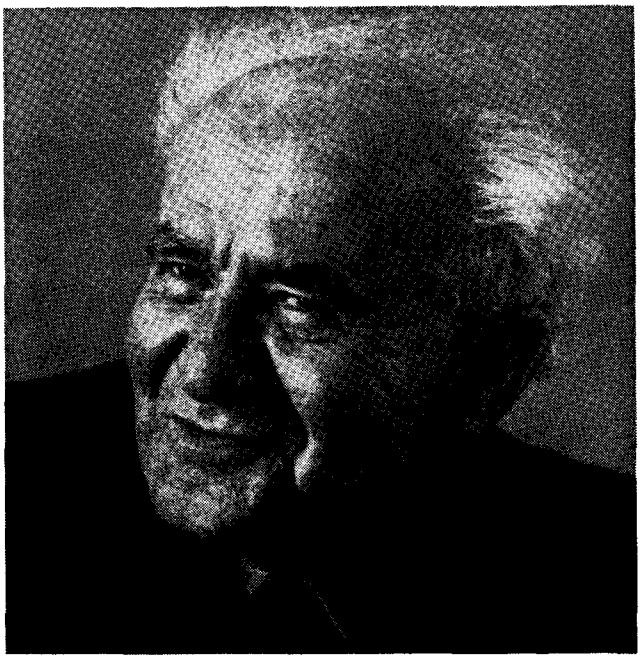

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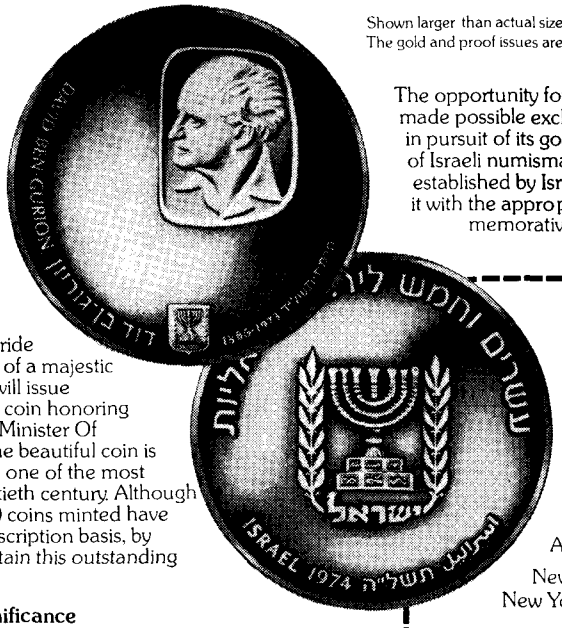

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Diversions

by Leo Rosten

This Enchanted World

Hardly a day passes, in these wild, unsettling times, without my marveling over how much more strange and unpredictable life is than fiction—any fiction, no matter how imaginative or far out. The inventive feats of Arthur Clarke or J. R. Tolkien (as, before them, Jules Verne or H. G. Wells) turn as pale as geisha girls when you compare them (the feats, not the girls) with the bizarre, preposterous, hare-brained lunacies you read about any day.

"Why *shouldn't* truth be stranger than fiction?" asked the soundest psychologist the United States has produced.* "Fiction, after all, has to make sense." Reality, of course, does not. If you doubt this, settle down as I give you a sample of some recent carryings-on of the human species.

In Cilette, N.J., a Mrs. Elizabeth Hammond owns a pet 900-pound elephant, called Mignon, which was born in Thailand, sleeps in the living room, turns on the TV when bored, blinks lamp lights on and off to signal that she is going to sleep.

The neighbors think that Mrs. Hammond is bereft of cranial marbles, but her husband and children have accepted Mignon as just another revelation of the lady's love of animals—which include a pet lion cub, three dogs, a horned owl, a bobcat, and a python 12 feet long.

Mrs. Hammond used to train animals for their debut on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera. Her husband supervises the formidably antlered stag used in the TV commercials of the Hartford Life Insurance Company.

Mrs. Hammond rents her adorable pachyderm out to Republican party (naturally) clambakes or sales promotion extravaganzas. Perhaps the most startling aspect of all this *mishegoss* is that Mignon has developed a passion for roast-beef sandwiches.

A Kentucky farmer went to the theater for the first time in his life, in Louisville. The program read:

Act 1—The Chapin home.

Act 2—One night later.

Act 3—The courtroom.

The farmer left after act one. He returned one night later.

*Mark Twain.

Not long ago, one Juan Luis Castillejo, apostle of an Entirely New Literary Form, wrote a book, several hundred pages long, which consists only of the letter *i*. Each page contains not a sign, word, or mark except the letter *i*. For aesthetic purposes, the *i* appears in different places on different pages.

To drive home the originality of his New Literary Form, Señor Castillejo announced that the pages of the book were arranged in entirely random order.

So far as I know, no publisher has shown a raging thirst to print this unique property. As one London wag remarked: "The publishers do not see *i* to *i* with Señor Castillejo."

In Newton, Mass., a high-school English teacher gave an exam to his students, juniors and seniors. The quiz consisted of questions about some of the most familiar names in the Bible.

The results so dismayed the teacher, Thayer Warsaw, that he described them in an article for *The English Journal*. I wince as I give you the highlights—more correctly, the low lights—of Mr. Warsaw's experience. According to one or another of his abecedarians:

Eve was created by an apple.

Sodom and Gomorrah were lovers.

Jesus was baptized by Moses.

The New Testament Gospels were written by Matthew, Mark, Luther, and John.

In addition to such tours de force of ignorance, the students were asked to complete these scarcely arcane sentences:

Many are called, but few are _____.

The love of money is the root of all _____.

The truth shall make you _____.

Seventy-nine percent could not complete the first quotation, 93 percent (!) muffed the third, but merely 84 percent struck out on the "evil" of the second. These were wholesome American kids, mind you, almost ready to enter college.

I can't say I am surprised. Depressed, yes. Discouraged, true. But surprised? No. A bright 11-year-old I knew used to recite the pledge of allegiance thisaway: "I pledge allegiance to the flag and to the republic for Richard Stands."

Another child genius rendered the Lord's Prayer: "Our Father who art in heaven, Halloween thy name."

A high-school student informed the world that radium was discovered by "Madman Curry." Still another believed that an antidote "is what you take to kill dotes." And what about the dear thing who thought that the scullery mentioned in Dickens was a collection of skulls? A bright-eyed gal even assumed that *animal husbandry* refers to a mating process in the animal kingdom.

It should not surprise anyone that shoals of students in our vast free-education system think that *gnome* is the capital of Alaska or that a famous composer of operas is an Italian named Libretto. Or that a duchy is the wife of a duke. Or that whenever a queen's partner is not a king, but a prince ineligible for the crown, he is called a concert and uses the finest musicians.

According to one student, Cervantes's masterpiece is *Don Coyote*. According to another, Achilles' vulnerable spot was "a chilly heel." Since Mr. Goldwyn, we all know that "caustic" is the opposite of "cheap." And a sizable number of youngsters in the United States celebrate Christmas by singing that lovely carol: "Hark, the angel Harold sings. . . ."

Returning to Mrs. Hammond's pet elephant, I'll bet that many a ten-o'clock scholar thinks that the elephants which crossed the Alps served that peerless Carthaginian general, Cannibal. □

ANSWER TO MIDDLETON DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 64

(NORMAN) COUSINS: (MUSINGS) ON A GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY

Optimism versus pessimism, like the arena versus the ivory tower, is a false issue. Certainly we should not minimize or blink at our problems in all their complexity. Neither ought we blind ourselves to untapped potentialities of brain and spirit for meeting them.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 25

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. *Answer on page 52.*

J P J L F C F U J W U T W F, C V G V K R E J P N V C F R H E V V T L E A A V E J Q F X A .

G F C M J N X C K X P U J W X

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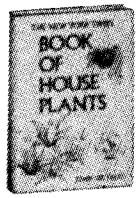

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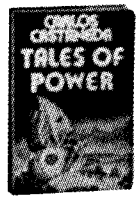

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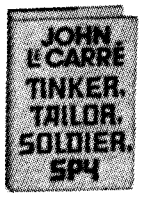

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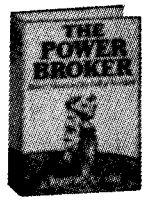

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1975 International Business Review

Will Araby Bankrupt the World?

The New Year finds the world economy reeling. The quadrupling of oil prices by the Arab nations has produced a domino effect of unprecedented impact upon the citizens of the world community. This latest international cartel now holds its cold hand upon the growth and progress of both industrial and undeveloped nations. All suffer, and the dizzy spiral of inflation and financial insecurity races unchecked.

What are the Arabs seeking? What are their real goals and ambitions? The following special section explores the promise and peril posed by the Arab petrodollar and offers a prescription for U.S. energy self-sufficiency.

Photo Trends

The Invasion of the Petrodollar

Arab oil dollars are like bayonets: You can do everything with them but sit on them. Now the West braces itself against a bombardment of petrodollars.

by Richard N. Cooper

Few world happenings in living memory have stirred up such a storm as has the recent petrodollar invasion of the West. But just how much of a threat to Western institutions *is* this tidal wave of Arab money?

Despite all the scare headlines, the prospects are perhaps more reassuring than they are frightening. Indeed, there seems an excellent chance that this second great Arab irruption into Western history will, in the end, leave both the West and Middle East more sound and secure than ever before.

But in the short run, huge Arab petrodollar earnings can be alarming. The problem began during the Yom Kippur war, when the Arab states placed an embargo on oil sales to the Netherlands and the United States. This embargo was momentous. Above all, its success proved to the 12 members of the Organization of Petroleum-Exporting Countries (OPEC)—which includes such non-Arab states as Iran, Nigeria, and Venezuela—that by acting together to restrict oil supplies, they had the oil-consuming countries over a barrel. Now it was evident that dependence of the major industrial countries on imported oil was so great that, at least in the short run, they would stand still for paying very much higher oil prices. Emboldened, OPEC instituted the now-notorious fourfold increase in crude-oil prices on January 1 of last year. At one stroke, this price leap gave a further fillip to worldwide inflationary pressures and reduced real incomes in all oil-consuming nations. For this reason, it introduced a strongly contractive force into the world economy—contributing to, if not causing, the current world recession.

Ironically, while consuming nations worry about how to pay for their oil, producing countries are left with the

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pleasant task of worrying about how best to use their vastly increased earnings. Both concerns are the opposite sides of the same coin—because the world financial system is a closed process, the higher oil payments cannot leave it but must somehow be channeled and recirculated within it. As OPEC receipts flow *back* to the financial centers of the world, they are re-labeled "petrodollars." But petrodollars differ from other dollars only in that they are owned by OPEC countries. Moreover, while most of world oil trade goes on in dollars, a significant amount also takes place in British pounds. So we have petro-sterling as well as petrodollars.

How many petrodollars are there, and where do they go? Ordinarily small problems can be handled by modest measures. But the magnitudes in this case are not small. Current estimates suggest that oil receipts of the OPEC countries were about $30 billion in the final quarter of 1974, up from less than $10 billion in the third quarter of 1973, before the Yom Kippur war. On an annual basis, this increase represents about $80 billion. Even if the OPEC countries sharply increase their spending on goods and services, a very substantial surplus is likely to remain, now running over $60 billion a year. By comparison, the level of total world trade is running at about $750 billion a year, and the U.S. Treasury bill market, the largest single financial market and one into which many petrodollars will undoubtedly flow, barely exceeds $100 billion in size. The increase in oil payments probably represents the biggest proportionate switch in payments flows that the world economy has ever seen in such a short time, not excluding major wars.*

This vast rearrangement of international-payments flows raises several important problems, some short-run, some long-run:

(1) While the oil funds will sooner or later come back to the major financial markets of the world, will they get channeled to those countries that need them in order to pay for their oil? (This is known as the recycling problem.)

(2) By shifting their large holdings of funds from place to place, can the OPEC countries play havoc with the world's financial and foreign-exchange markets, either willfully or inadvertently?

(3) As payments surpluses pile up year after year, will the OPEC countries own a substantial fraction of the world's assets by the end of the decade?

(4) By spending their vast new earnings, how much mischief (intended or otherwise) can the OPEC countries do to the rest of the world and to each other?

Let's look at these problems in order:

What about the recycling problem? OPEC funds rechanneled to financial markets will be available for borrowing, and indeed during 1974 a substantial amount of borrowing took place in order to finance oil deficits, especially by such countries as Britain, France, and Italy. But as the funds flowed in, mostly at short term, the major banks found their capital ratios increasingly strained. Banking operates on the principle of the law of large numbers. Banks like to spread the risk around. They worry about having large deposits concentrated in relatively few hands, and they worry about making large loans to relatively few borrowers. On both grounds, by the end of last year banks were turning away OPEC money. Formerly creditworthy borrowers were having increasing difficulty raising enough money to pay for their oil bills, and the poorest of the less-developed countries never did have access to private channels of finance.

It became apparent, therefore, that some form of governmental action would be necessary to facilitate the recycling. In November Secretaries Kissinger and Simon offered a solution: to create a new facility associated with the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development (O.E.C.D.), which includes most of Europe, the United States, Canada, Japan, and Australia. The new agency would link credits to energy-conservation measures taken by the borrowing countries. This proposal has the weakness that, as envisioned, it is too small (roughly $12 billion of effective credits). Further, it does not deal with the problem of oil-consuming countries that are not members of the O.E.C.D. Finally, it would relieve the OPEC countries of some credit risk, although less so than another proposal—that principal reliance for the recycling be placed on the I.M.F.—because of the lower risk involved with the O.E.C.D. countries.

There is the fear, expressed especially in Germany and in some congressional quarters here, that any new recycling facility would relieve other countries of

*Actual payments in 1974 were somewhat lower than these figures would suggest, because of substantial lags in tax and royalty payments to the producing countries; actual payments during the second half of the year were nearly twice what they were during the first half, perhaps explaining why the impact was not so sharp as many consuming countries had at first feared.

All the payments must return to financial markets in one way or another. According to the U.S. Treasury Department, during the first eight months of 1974, roughly one-quarter of the total OPEC surpluses were lodged directly in the United States, and half were placed in the Euro-currency market, mostly in the form of relatively short-term dollar-denominated bank deposits. The remaining quarter was divided among sterling deposits in Britain, loans to the International Monetary Fund (I.M.F.) and the World Bank, direct loans to oil-importing countries, and small amounts of miscellaneous investments. These investments are of course made with funds from all oil consumers, but especially from Japan and Western Europe, which together have to pay about $50 billion a year more for their oil than they did before 1974; the increase in the American oil-import bill is roughly $17 billion. So there is a considerable discrepancy between the source of funds and the immediate destination of investments.

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necessary balance-of-payments "discipline." This fear is, however, misplaced in the present emergency: Credits can be related directly to increased oil bills to limit the amounts available, although this approach is not a feature of the Kissinger-Simon proposal. But it is better now to help finance these oil payments than to force foreign economies into deep depression or to adopt extensive controls on their trade with non-OPEC countries because of their inability to pay for the oil on which they have become so heavily dependent. In the longer run, we must reduce dependence on imported oil, but in the near future we must see these countries through the difficulty. The funds for borrowing are available from the OPEC countries themselves. We simply have to find a way to get the funds to the countries that need them.

A problem of great seriousness, though fortunately not of great magnitude compared with the total, is how to pay for the oil necessary for the poorest oil-consuming nations of the world. Of these, India is the largest, but there are also about 40 other Asian and African countries. Deepening world recession would worsen the plight of these countries by reducing demand for their export products. OPEC countries have pledged direct loans to a number of these countries—but not enough so far. If future defaults are to be avoided, some form of subsidy to these countries is necessary. Parliaments in the industrial countries will balk at having to pay higher oil prices twice over, directly and by additional assistance to the poor countries. An ideal source of additional aid, which would not strain the budgets of indus-

What Do They Own (So Far)?

By the closing weeks of 1974, the scope of Middle Eastern investment in the industrial West began to show up in identifiable equity purchases. Beyond interests involving some share of ownership, hundreds of millions of oil-interest dollars have poured into the bond markets, short-term paper (government and private), and other money-market instruments. At one pole of respectability, Saudi Arabia has lent the World Bank $750 million; at the other, Arab swingers are active in Las Vegas. Recently, one group of three Saudi princes tipped a camera girl $250 for taking their picture and then managed to lose over $1 million in five days at the gambling tables.

Here is a representative sampling—by no means complete—of properties known to have been acquired by Middle Eastern oil interests:

★ Atlanta-Hilton Center, an urban commercial development: 50 percent participation by Kuwaiti interests for $10 million.

★ Salt Lake City industrial park: $250 million from Saudi Arabia.

★ Arizona Land and Cattle Company of Phoenix: 15 percent interest to Saudi Arabia for $9.2 million.

★ First National Bank of San Jose, Calif.: 33 percent interest for $14 million from Saudi Arabia.

★ Security National Bank of Walnut Creek, Calif.: 96 percent owned by a Saudi, estimated cost $120 million.

★ Bank of Contra Costa, also of Walnut Creek (pop. 46,400): 57 percent interest bought by same Saudi entrepreneur for $14 million.

★ Daimler-Benz automobile works of West Germany, manufacturers of Mercedes cars: 14.6 percent interest bought by Kuwait; cost said to be between $300 and $400 million.

★ Kiawah Island, S.C., 3,500 acres ripe for development: $17.5 million from Kuwait.

★ St. Martin's Property Company of Britain, which owns office buildings in London's financial district (including the headquarters of the London Metropolitan Police), in Paris, in Brussels, and in Australia: bought by Kuwait for about $248 million (in cash).

★ Friedrich Krupp Hüttenwerke, the steel works of the Krupp industrial empire in West Germany: a 25.04 percent interest bought by Iran; cost said to be $75 million.

★ Lonrho Ltd. of Britain, with property holdings in Africa ranging from gold mines to sugar and tea plantations: a 14 percent interest bought by Kuwait for $14.2 million.

★ Commercial Union Assurance Company office building in London: a 44 percent interest bought with $86 million (in cash) by Abu Dhabi.

★ Occidental Petroleum Corporation: 1 million shares (out of 55 million outstanding—"not significant," says company chairman Armand Hammer) for about $11 million by an unidentified Arab businessman.

★ Brazil Wood and Paper: mill to be constructed for about $400 million, a Kuwaiti private concern taking at least 17 percent interest.

MORE INSCRUTABLE than the Orient is the realm of international finance, particularly the finance of the *Moyen-Orient*. So normally secretive and devious are the routes of investment, the channels through which the equity holdings pass, that in order to sense who is dickering with whom for what, collectors of financial intelligence sometimes have to fall back on the imaginative study of passenger lists of planes bound for the Middle East. Here are some of the tentative deals announced or widely rumored wherever investment bankers gather to exchange gossip. Some of them will be completed; others will not. Many, many others have not yet surfaced even to the level of rumor:

★ Shell Oil Company, marketing and refining operations including gasoline stations along the American East and Gulf coasts: Iran is negotiating for purchase or participation.

★ La Tour Manhattan, a 29-story skyscraper in Paris: someone from the Persian Gulf is offering $85 million in cash for it.

★ Champagne district of France: Abu Dhabi is trying to buy up 2,500 acres right near the Moët et Chandon vineyards.

★ Northwestern Kentucky, a recreational condominium development of 1,600 acres: Kuwait is bargaining through a private American citizen named Spiro T. Agnew, formerly a high elected official in the federal government.

★ Bayer chemical works of West Germany: Iran has been trying to acquire a 23 percent interest.

★ Hughes Aircraft Corporation, electronics division: Iran is interested in purchasing it.

★ Britannia House, office building in London's Old Bailey: some so-far unidentified Arab interests are bidding high for it. PETER GROSE

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trial countries, would be the annual sale of modest amounts of the I.M.F.'s large gold holdings, valued at $6.5 billion at official gold prices and worth about four times that at market prices. Sales of about $250 million a year (at official prices) would depress market prices somewhat but would still leave capital gains sufficient for providing substantial interest-rate subsidies or reserve funds for loans to the poorest countries. Now is an especially opportune time for such sales, because Americans have just been allowed to buy gold freely for the first time in more than 40 years.

What about possible market disruption by OPEC? By suddenly withdrawing their funds from any particular market, the OPEC countries will certainly be able to disrupt financial or foreign-exchange markets. But the major financial countries can keep such disruptions from getting out of hand if they are willing to work together to do so. They must be prepared to recycle funds back to the market from which they were withdrawn, so as to smooth out the effect of the withdrawal. In the case of commercial banks, this means providing adequate rediscount facilities at central banks; in the case of short-term securities, it may require central-bank purchase of the securities sold off by the OPEC countries; in the case of foreign exchange, it will require use of the "swap arrangements" that already exist among the leading central banks. In each case some tidying up will remain to be done, but the massive movement of OPEC funds can be neutralized.

Fortunately, there is no need for the West to take the "worst case" view of things. In fact, the OPEC countries are likely to be conservative and well behaved in their investment practices, except when they are strongly provoked politically or except when they are anxious about their investment and move quickly to unload particular assets. (In some cases strong price declines will themselves act as a deterrent to rapid sales; monetary authorities will have to judge the best time for supporting any given market.) Any change in practice by a major participant in the market can cause some problems, as when Saudi Arabia recently announced it would no longer accept sterling in payment for oil. Not all the market effects of OPEC actions should be resisted. But where disruption threatens to be severe, cooperative action can be taken to neutralize it and the necessary machinery should be put into place ahead of time.

Quarterly Receipts of OPEC Countries (billions of U.S. dollars)

October–December 1973	8
January–March 1974	12
April–June 1974	22
July–September 1974	30
October–December 1974	30

What if OPEC buys up huge chunks of the world's capital stock? With large annual-payments surpluses, the wealth accumulated by the OPEC countries will be enormous after relatively few years. Estimates of their overseas investments by 1980 vary from $250 billion to $650 billion. The major differences among estimates concern the success that consuming countries will have in reducing their imports of OPEC oil during this period and, more importantly, the speed with which OPEC countries spend their new income on imports of goods and services. The estimates assume that oil prices will remain high, however, until after 1980.

Do these great accumulations not pose a major problem for the world? They do, but contrary to current thinking, the problems are likely to arise more from the disposition of income than from the ownership of foreign assets. First, OPEC countries are likely to increase their expenditures on goods and services more rapidly than most observers believe. Apart from the United Arab Emirates, per capita incomes in the OPEC countries remain modest even after the increase in oil prices. These incomes are not well distributed, but they are nonetheless likely to result in rapid increases in expenditure, both by private individuals and by governments. This likelihood suggests that the lower end of the range above is more plausible.

Second, the world's capital stock will continue to grow during the rest of the decade—at least if the current recession is overcome—so that by 1980, OPEC wealth will still amount to only 2 to 4 percent of the world's capital stock and a smaller percentage of total assets, financial as well as real. To be sure, the wealth will be concentrated in relatively few hands, and the investments will not be spread evenly around the globe. But these figures suggest that at worst the OPEC countries will fall far short of owning everything in sight.

Disposition of OPEC Investments, January–August 1974
(percent)

United States	25
Sterling in Britain	11
Euro-currency Market	46
Other Investments in Europe	7
Loans to Developing Countries (including I.M.F. and World Bank)	11

Third, as the foreign investments of the OPEC countries increase, the relationship between them and the oil-consuming countries will become more symmetrical. Large investments are also effective hostages, as any foreign investor knows, and for that reason—as well as for reasons of investment prudence—the OPEC countries are likely to be well behaved in managing their overseas investments. We should not borrow trouble from the future, because we have enough to do now without it. Rather than sounding the alarm, it would be better to encourage the OPEC countries to invest their funds at long term. We should react negatively only if, as foreign investors, they behave badly by standards that are laid down jointly between the OPEC countries likely to do most of the investing and the countries in which most of the investment is likely to take place.

How much mischief from OPEC spending? For balance-of-payments reasons, many oil-consuming countries will be strongly tempted to encourage exports to the OPEC countries. But should we really prefer exports to OPEC investment in the consuming nations? We would perhaps be much better off with the funds invested than spent, partly because investments will postpone the day in which standards of living have to be reduced in order to pay for the higher-priced oil in real goods and services. But mainly because it is spending, especially on military weapons and subversion, not investment, that really represents the unstable element in high OPEC revenues in the long run. That is, however, a matter that goes well beyond the simple economics of petrodollars.

On balance, then, it seems fair to say that in the years just ahead lots of new flags and new faces will be evident in the world's power and investment circles. But this outlook does not mean that the West will be undone by malevolent forces from the East. □

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The Mood of Europe: Helplessness Before the Spreading Malaise

by Richard C. Longworth

Brussels

Milton Friedman, the Chicago monetarist, popped up on a Brussels panel recently to preach his familiar text that both inflation and the petrodollar crisis can be licked if the West only has the will. Fernand Herman, a Belgian professor on the panel, objected that there is no public backing in Europe for tough measures and that European governments are too weak to act on their own.

"Then you think your civilization is doomed?" Friedman said. It was more a statement than a question.

"I'm very worried," Herman said unhappily.

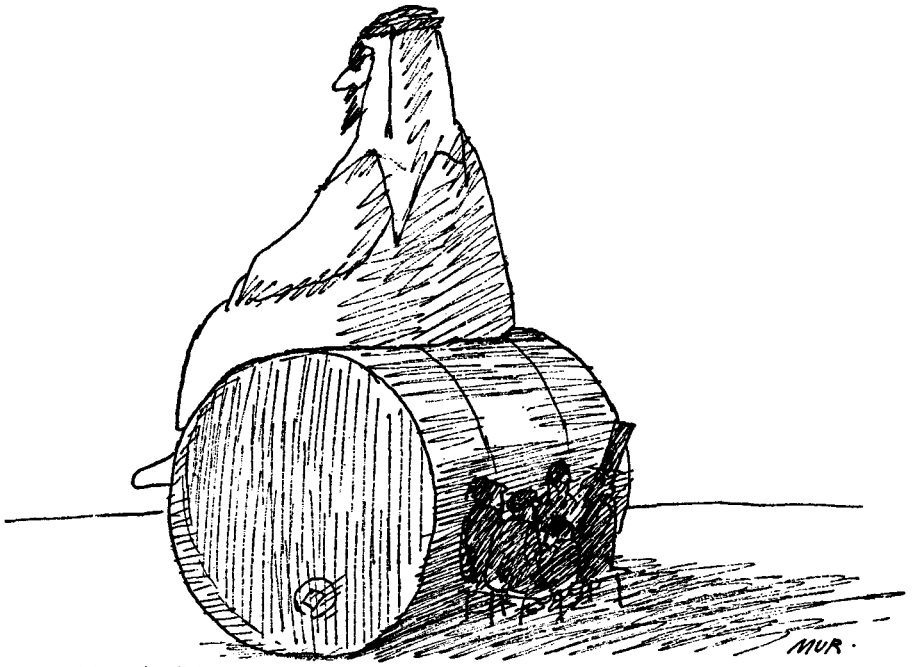
In this mood of baffled resignation, hatches are being battened down all over Europe. It is the second winter of the energy crisis, and the effects—social, economic, and political—are not reassuring. Petrodollars flow out as fast as the pessimists had predicted. Frightened, insecure governments have no consistent national policies. The Common Market, starved by its members of supranational authority, is too weak to help. If a popular mood can be discerned, it is one of helplessness—a sense of the inevitability of breakdown, a personal impotence before impersonal historical forces. One perceptive commentator wrote that Europe today has the feel of a pre-war period.

The tone is not exactly new. Any European more than 35 years old can recall catastrophe—war and depression, ruinous inflation and civil strife, fascism and the march of communism to the Elbe. Americans, more favored, treat adversity as a personal affront. Europeans, who have a historical perception of tragedy, climb into their psychological bomb shelters and ride out the storm. An Italian businessman has told me that his countrymen, although delighted with the Fiats and television sets which the "Italian miracle" has brought, never really accepted prosperity as permanent. Those southerners who work in northern factories are mentally ready to sell their appliances and go home.

This reluctance to spit into the wind of fate may be sensible, but it gives European governments no strong public backing for courageous policies. Early frantic attempts to strike bilateral deals with the Arabs have amounted to little. European solidarity has proved elusive. So far France and Britain have blocked even a rudimentary E.E.C. energy policy. In this vacuum the only leadership has come from Washington—and that leadership is being accepted with surprising readiness, considering the U.S.-European disputes of a year ago. It seems likely, in fact, that we are entering a new version of the post-war years, when American power—this time financial instead of military—will have an unnatural responsibility for Europe's future. The prospect is dismaying for everyone—humiliating for the Europeans, expensive and tiresome for the Americans. Unless handled carefully, the situation could cause great long-term damage. But the alternative could be the collapse of Europe, the alliance, and the world economic system. The United States has too much investment and trade abroad for it to escape this kind of carnage.

THE IMPACT of the oil crisis upon Europe has been terrific. Common Market countries import some 80 percent of their oil, mostly from the Middle East. As oil prices shoot up, so do balance-of-payments deficits. The 1974 deficit of three E.E.C. countries alone—Britain, France, and Italy—surpassed the $25 billion that Henry Kissinger has suggested as the annual goal for a new international recycling facility. The Common Market has allowed Italy a three-year moratorium on repayment of a $1.8 billion debt and has set up its own loan arrangements to help hardship cases, especially Italy: At $3 billion, it is a drop in the barrel. Italy, Britain, France, the Netherlands, Ireland, and Denmark have floated Euromarket loans of $12 billion in recycled oil money. But the banks that financed these loans are stretched tight, and the countries them-

Richard C. Longworth is European diplomatic correspondent for United Press International.



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"Goliath in Camp David."

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selves are piling debt upon debt. The Morgan Guaranty Bank, urging government help, warns that some countries are too debt-laden to "remain creditworthy in the eyes of any group of private lenders for long." Common Market bureaucrats made a "best-case" projection, assuming that European deficits would dwindle as the E.E.C. nations bite the bullet of austerity, conservation, reforms, and expanded exports to the Arabs: Even by this wildly optimistic reckoning, the study still forecast an outflow of $90 billion by 1978. This sort of prognosis also ignores the danger that savage oil-conservation measures, coupled with austerity, are a recipe for depression. In addition, campaigns to maximize exports and trim imports, if practiced by several nations simultaneously, may cause a trade war.

Europe simply is not equipped to cope with a $90 billion drain. Although European banks have received their fair share of recycled petrodollars so far, even Common Market economists predict that Arab money will flow increasingly to the United States, because the American capital market is the only one big enough to handle funds of this size. Europeans seem to recognize that a nationalistic competition for this Arab oil money would be as self-defeating as was last winter's graceless pursuit of Arab oil: France, which led the great oil scramble, is the first nation to limit oil imports this winter—a 10 percent cut below 1973–74 imports.

The petrodollar crisis, exacerbating the severity of inflation, has produced problems so huge and unprecedented that European governments have vacillated so far between drifts and bursts of quickly abandoned remedies, such as speed limits. One reason is that of the nine E.E.C. nations, only Britain has a one-party majority government: Even the British government, with a three-seat majority in Parliament, is far from secure. Meanwhile, social problems grow. The rate of inflation is 25 percent in Italy and Britain and above 10 percent in every other Common Market nation except Germany. Nevertheless, the Nine have shifted priority from fighting inflation to fighting a problem of growing unemployment that threatens widespread civil unrest. This emphasis on unemployment was formalized at the latest European summit in December: The summiteers proposed few solutions to the problem, however, beyond deputing French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing to tell President Ford that he should stimulate the U.S. economy—a sign of the primacy which Europeans give to American policy these days. The E.E.C. itself predicts that 4 million workers will be unemployed this winter. Joblessness in West Germany, the country *least* affected by the oil crisis, has risen by an incredible 152 percent since 1973. Thousands of other workers, especially in Italy, are on short time. Communism has revived in Italy, France, Portugal, and Spain—to the evident distress of Washington. An Italian, complaining about this American alarm, said, "Why worry just about the Communists? A right-wing coup is just as likely and worries us just as much."

THE MALAISE seems certain to spread. For instance, the thousands of boutiques and other tiny shops that brighten London, Munich, Copenhagen, and other European cities exist solely on mad money. So far, they are thriving as Europeans, frightened by inflation, spend money as though it is going out of style, which it very well may be. The days of such emporiums, one feels, are limited. Urban structures and services, built during a quarter-century of boom, face breakdown. Europeans recall only too well that the last economic collapse produced Hitler. Aware of historical realities, one Common Market official, gazing from his window at the slush of Brussels as if he were a Napoleonic general surveying the road from Moscow, said bleakly, "A mild winter sure would help."

Henry Kissinger's interest in oil, as in all economic problems, is fitful at best, but when it surfaces, it makes a mighty wave on which Europeans are only too happy to ride. It surfaced first last February, when the Secretary of State staged the Washington Energy Conference. The Common Market nations arrived with a carefully framed proposal, which crumbled instantly. Eight of the nine E.E.C. countries joined Kissinger's proposal that Europe, Japan, and North America cope jointly with the oil crisis. France refused, admitting that the idea was objectionable because of its American parentage. Europeans, forced to choose between Washington and Paris, chose Washington—Watergate and all.

Over the summer Kissinger's idea blossomed into the new International Energy Agency (I.E.A.), which has received less public attention than it deserves. Its 16 member nations are committed to an astonishingly detailed pro-

WRITING ON THE WALL

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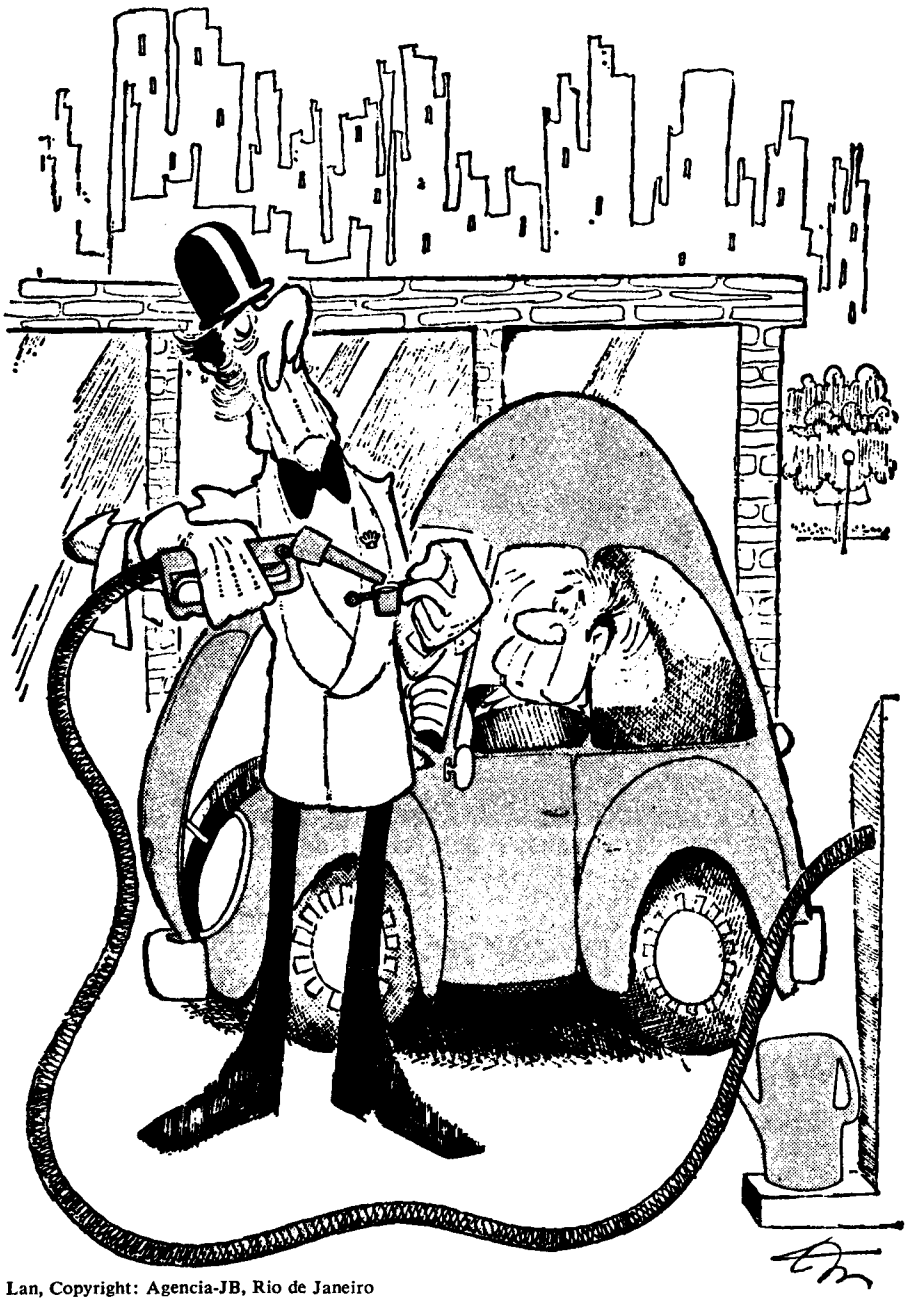
gram of oil-sharing and energy conservation, which will take effect the next time the Arabs turn off the tap. The I.E.A. charter contains other provisions for cooperation in research and financing. The agency could conceivably become a recycling mechanism. It is, in short, the framework for a consumers' cartel, a pedestal from which the West can stare down the Arabs. Only time, and the next Arab embargo, will tell whether it will work.

WITH THE I.E.A. in place, Kissinger entered the recycling arena by proposing an American-Japanese-European loan and guarantee facility to funnel at least $25 billion annually to countries that need financial assistance most. It is not clear whether the nations will find the money in their own accounts or use recycled Arab money. Either way, the strength of the U.S. capital market means that much of the funds will come from the United States. Kissinger has already suggested that we put up one-third of the cash. Congress willing, our share may be even more. Whatever details emerge, such a plan would inevitably give the United States the central role in keeping Europe afloat and the power, as the *Economist* of London commented, "really to call the tune on what recycling is to be done and how." The kicker in the Kissinger plan is his insistence that aid go only to countries that are "moving effectively to lessen dependence on imported oil." This proviso would enable Washington to dictate economic reforms to recipient governments.

Europeans, notably the British and Germans, have suggested other plans with the crucial difference that the Arabs be involved from the start. Kissinger discourages any "dialogue" with the Arabs until the Western cartel is functioning. The Europeans say that if Washington is to be the West's banker, it must use Arab money: No stable system can be built, therefore, without Arab cooperation.

The different plans are being minced and melded now in a dozen forums. Some variation of the Kissinger plan will probably emerge, because it looks like the best and best-funded port in this storm. Giscard himself, at his Martinique summit with President Ford, went even further than other Europeans in endorsing the Kissinger facility, in return for American cooperation in the convening, by and by, of a conference of oil-using states with the Arabs. (The new French government, which at first practiced a Jobert-Gaullist policy swathed in more soothing Giscardian accents, is now edging toward cooperation. But France has lost the habit of harmony, and her return to the Western choir will require patience on both sides. Although the French have accepted the Kissinger principle of a united front of consumers, they have yet to join the I.E.A., despite the location of its headquarters in Paris.)



Lan, Copyright: Agencia-JB, Rio de Janeiro

THUS THE United States is back in the business of propping up Europe, although by more sophisticated mechanisms than the straight-aid programs of the Marshall Plan. The implications can only be surmised. One could be the demise of the Common Market. The E.E.C., after all, is built on an economic base: Having flunked its first big economic test, it may never recover. European unity, founded to a degree on European pride and a European separateness vis-à-vis America, would also suffer. It takes no imagination to foresee a growth of extremism—left or right—in the Latin countries and the formation of a deutsche-mark bloc around Germany, with Britain retreating into a new insularity fueled by North Sea oil. If this sounds ominously like the continent's old divisions, it only underscores the care with which the United States must wage its commendable campaign to keep Europe from drowning in oil. □

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Can you answer these 5 questions about the news?

1 What mystic practice is being widely tried today as a health resource —for everything from losing weight to improving one's sex life?

2 Easy Rider . . . Carnal Knowledge . . . Five Easy Pieces . . . Chinatown . . . can you name the star who played in all of them?

3 Which country has the world's largest oil reserves?

4 Can you name John le Carré's latest spy thriller?

5 How much is Nelson Rockefeller's estimated wealth?

Answers: 1. Yoga. 2. Jack Nicholson. 3. Saudi Arabia. 4. Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy. 5. $250 million, probably not including general family trusts.

If you scored high on this little quiz, you're precisely the kind of alert, perceptive reader TIME is written for. But if you missed a few questions, chances are you don't have quite as firm a grasp of the news as you'd like. So now's the time to try TIME.

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The Predicament of Developing Countries

by G. V. Subba Rao

Affluent countries, which consume 17 times more energy per capita than do developing countries, tend to complain that their highly industrialized economies are the victims of the oil-fuel crunch. But the crunch has in fact dealt a body blow to under-industrialized Third World nations, which are not major oil producers and did not benefit from the recent commodity boom. Oil accounts for nearly two-thirds of the commercial energy consumption of the 75 to 80 energy-short developing countries, and 70 percent of the oil they use is imported.

The sharp price increase of necessary imports—fuel, fertilizers, capital equipment, and essential food grains—has hit developing countries like a thunderbolt. The cost of fuel has jumped three- to four-fold in less than a year; the cost of fertilizers has recently risen by 300 to 500 percent; and, above all, the cost of food grains—wheat, for example—has more than tripled in the world market. Some countries in Africa and Asia have been hit by drought and natural disasters; furthermore, they have been victims of worldwide inflation and carry an external debt-servicing burden of $1.5 billion a year.

Meanwhile, the fuel imports of these countries last year were estimated to have increased by more than $10 billion, which is three and a half times the cost of these imports in 1973. The import bill for essential fuel, fertilizer, and food grains had been expected to go as high as $24 billion by the end of 1974.

AND THIS IS NOT the end of the Third World's woes:

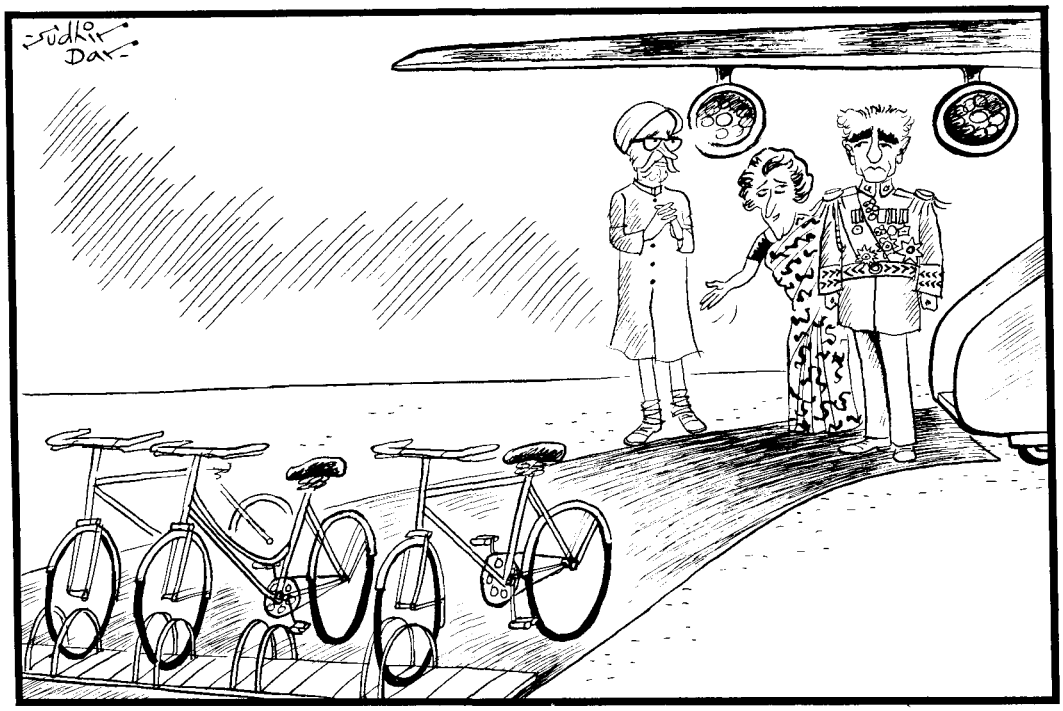
The downward trend of commodity prices may cause still further declines in their trade. This means that the import capacities of the developing countries may deteriorate even more sharply than had been estimated. Under this scenario, some of the low-income countries with a rock-bottom per capita income of less than $200 will actually experience a decline in their income levels—unless, that is, the foreign-exchange resources gap is quickly filled by the international community and massive capital inflows are assured. The thing to keep in mind is that most of the developing countries do not have access to capital markets on conventional terms; yet grants and very-long-term low-interest loans are essential for their survival and their minimum degree of development.

THE RECENT JUMP in oil prices may also increase the long-term price of nitrogenous fertilizers—which are enormously important to modern agriculture—by as much as 40 to 50 percent. Since most nitrogenous fertilizers are imported from developed countries, the shortage in fertilizer and pesticide production in these countries, combined with high fertilizer prices, has constituted a severe setback to the "green revolution." It has been estimated, for example, that a 1-million-ton shortage in Indian fertilizer consumption may cause a loss of 10 million tons, or nearly 10 percent of the food-grain output in India.

What are the United Nations and the Third World community doing about this looming threat? Last May the General Assembly recommended the establishment of producers' alliances and associations aimed at improving the prices of basic commodities and the bargaining power of the developing countries in the international markets. Another approach would be radically to restructure relations between the multinational oil corporations and their host countries. For every one-dollar profit cut per barrel of oil by these corporations, the oil-importing developing countries lose nearly $2 billion a year in foreign exchange. Still another possibility is for both producers and consumers to arrive at international commodity agreements.

The oil-poor developing countries can themselves undertake a variety of measures: (1) making more

G. V. Subba Rao is a senior officer of the United Nations and an energy specialist.



Sudhir Dar. Copyright: *The Hindustan Times*, New Delhi

Prime Minister Indira Gandhi to the Shah of Iran: "After you, your majesty."

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efficient use of the fuels available, particularly imported energy; (2) accelerating the development of domestic energy resources, including non-commercial energy resources such as fuel wood and animal and vegetable waste, since they have a wide spectrum of rich but untapped energy and other natural-resource potential; and (3) persuading oil-rich countries to participate in various agricultural, industrial, and energy-development projects.

These plans for bettering conditions in the oil-poor countries are not mere wishful thinking. The oil-producing countries have already moved in a big way to assist the poorer energy-deficient developing countries. Some of them have already given major aid to these countries. In this context it should be mentioned that although the industrially advanced countries had a total Gross National Product of nearly $2.6 trillion in 1972, their net official aid amounted to no more than one-third of 1 percent of the G.N.P. On the other hand, the OPEC countries—with a combined *new* G.N.P. of around $200 billion—have already disbursed aid which comes to more than 3 percent of their G.N.P.

Energy is becoming, of course, an ever more essential factor in the economies of developing countries. This means that in the immediate future, these countries will need assistance to the tune of $10 billion per year to pay for additional costs of imported fuel. Another $5 billion or so per year is needed to cover the added costs of imported food, fertilizer, and capital equipment. They will also need *additional* investment funds of $20 billion per year over the next 10 years for energy exploration, development and transportation, and distribution facilities. Half this amount will be needed for electric power and the remaining half for the rapid development of petroleum and other conventional energy resources to replace the growing volume of energy imports.

On a quick first impression, the large sums of money and human effort needed to solve the Third World dilemma may seem excessive, although these sums are very small when compared with expenditures on armaments. Yet when we consider the awful consequences of letting the situation drift—mass starvation not least among them—it seems clear that an adequate investment effort today may well make it certain that the world of tomorrow will not be one long nightmare for the majority of mankind. □

Question

How Do I Sponsor A Child?

Answer

Here's What You Do:

- **Fill out your name and address on the coupon.**
- **Indicate your preference of boy or girl, and country, or:**
- **Check the box marked "Choose any child who needs my help."**
- **Enclose your first monthly check.**

And here are answers to some other questions you may have:

Q. What does it cost to sponsor a child?
A. Only $15 per month, tax deductible.
Q. Will I receive a photograph of the child?
A. Yes, along with information about the child, and a description of the Home or Project where the child receives assistance.
Q. How long before I learn about the child?
A. About two weeks.
Q. May I write to the child?
A. Yes. You will receive the child's original letter and an English translation, direct from the Home or Project. (Staff workers help children unable to write.)
Q. Why does CCF use a sponsorship plan?
A. To provide children with long-term, person-to-person relationships.
Q. What does the child receive because of my sponsorship?
A. This depends on the Project. You will receive detailed information. In general, CCF aid supplements other resources to help provide clothing, shelter, health care, spiritual guidance, education, school supplies, food—and love.
Q. May I send an extra gift?
A. Yes, if you wish to send $5 or $10 for a Christmas or birthday present, the entire amount is forwarded, and the money is used according to your instructions. You will receive a "thank you" letter from the child.
Q. How often will the child write me?
A. This depends on how often *you* write. Children are not natural born letter writers! So it is up to the sponsor to initiate. Instructions how to correspond with the child will be sent to you.
Q. May groups sponsor a child?
A. Yes, church classes, office workers, civic clubs, schools and other groups sponsor children.
Q. Is a financial statement available?
A. Yes, upon your request and we will be glad to answer any questions about how your gifts are used.
Q. What types of Projects does CCF assist?
A. Children's Homes and Family Helper Projects, plus homes for the blind, homes for abandoned babies, day care nurseries, vocational training centers, and many other types of projects.

Q. Who supervises the work overseas?
A. Regional offices are staffed with nationals and Americans, and all personnel must meet professional standards—plus have a deep love for children.
Q. Is CCF independent?
A. Yes, working closely with missionaries, welfare agencies, and foreign governments, helping youngsters regardless of race or creed.
Q. Is CCF a member of any child welfare agency?
A. Yes. CCF is a member of the International Union for Child Welfare, Geneva.

Won't you sponsor a child? Thanks so much! Sponsors are needed right now for children in Brazil, India, Guatemala and Indonesia.

Write today: Verent J. Mills
CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.
Box 26511, Richmond, Va. 23261
I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in
(Country)_____
☐ Choose any child who needs my help. I will pay $15 a month. I enclose first payment of $____. Send me child's name, mailing address and picture.
I cannot sponsor a child but want to give $____.
☐ Please send me more information.
Name_____
Address_____
City_____
State_____ Zip_____
Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto, 7.
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Letter From New York

by Peter Grose

The following is a letter from S. Henderson Barnes, first vice-president of Morgan Brothers, Harriman & Stanley, to his Harvard Business School classmate Fayez Hassan el-Owenni, director-general of the Abu Qatar Development Trust. Mr. Barnes and Mr. el-Owenni, of course, are composite personalities whose thoughts and feelings represent those of many American and Arab financiers.

January 8, 1975

Dear Fayez,

I guess you're getting a lot of letters these days from your old classmates. Let's face it, when you guys came over here as foreign students to soak up the American managerial genius that the venerable Harvard Business School feels itself so uniquely equipped to impart, no one imagined that you would learn so much! There were quite a few of us who didn't take you very seriously—"The Sheikhs of Araby. . . . Does the '66 model Camel have much chrome plating? Ha Ha. . . ." If you got tired of that kind of stuff around the tables in Gallatin Hall, I'll have to hand it to you, you kept your cool and, boy, now we can see why.

Peter Grose is on the editorial board of The New York Times.

You don't need me to tell you that there breathes not a soul from the banks of the Charles to the banks of New York who does not now take you very, very seriously indeed.

Well, since I was not one of those wasps who called you a wog behind your back, I don't feel obliged to write you on my best engraved letterhead. The fact is, we have a relatively simple problem, your country and mine, and I don't see why we can't put the whole thing into the same case-method analysis that made our scholarly lives together so considerably-less-than-blissful.

First of all—incidentally, since we're not economists I'll leave out all the figures, and let's not quibble over the exact size of deficits, revenues, reserves, and royalties; an Iranian I was talking with about all this the other day threw out the memorable line, ". . . give or take $50 billion."

So first of all, my country (along with Western Europe and Japan) is facing a capital crunch. We need hundreds of billions to upgrade our utilities, railroads, and energy industries. You, for your part, have lots and lots of capital that you don't know what to do with. That's point one.

Whatever else may be wrong, we of the capitalist world can deliver a good R.O.I. (Return on Investment, in the unlikely instance that you've forgotten). You're looking for such a return, in clear-cut and prudent terms, and there's not the slightest reason why you shouldn't have it. Point two.

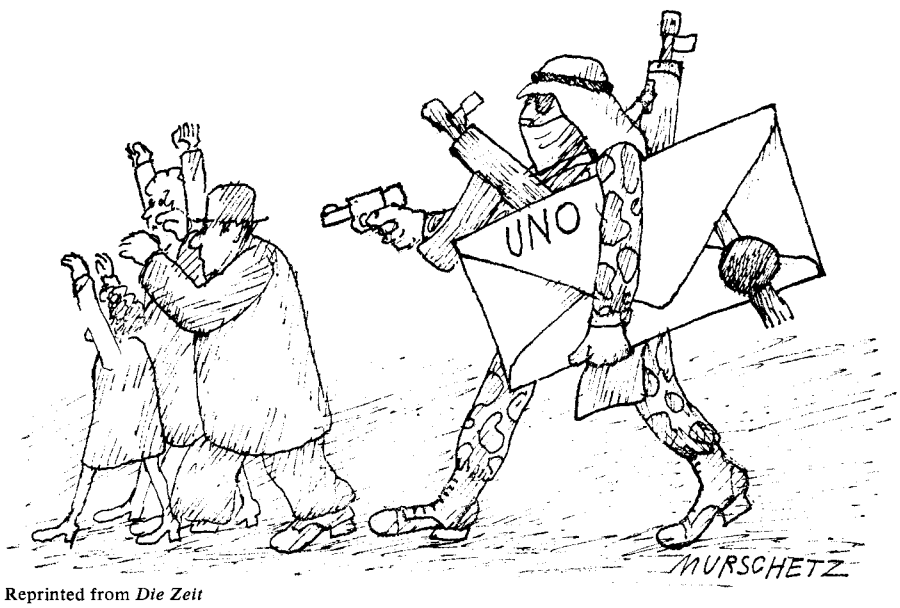
So you could just buy up some big companies, as your friend the Shah is doing; or you could gradually—a billion here, a billion there—buy up shares on the New York Stock Exchange. Well, that's a problem for both of us. You don't want that kind of exposure, since you know as well as we do (the nastier of our classmates would say you taught us how to do it) we could just nationalize your holdings when they got cumbersome. For our part, we get nervous at the thought of vast foreign holdings in vital industries—strange that we never understood why the Europeans got uneasy about our own overseas investments—but let that one drop.

You don't want to settle for a perpetual minority interest or surrender all control over the companies that you've put on their feet; that would seem to put you back into the position of colonies. Yet we can assume, and I really do believe, that you people have no desire to take over American industry for your own purposes. You just want a good investment, and you're willing to let the men on the spot manage everything as long as you, as major investors, are not left completely in the dark on the big decisions that affect your interests. Fair enough.

Furthermore, you're leery about getting too deeply involved in the economy of one country, where your holdings would be subject to one government, one political jurisdiction that could go against you. But how do you get the expertise, the management, the constant analysis to guide you into investment decisions in a dozen countries with different laws, fluctuating prospects, and varying degrees of hospitality?

Okay, as they used to say when they used to throw at us the lousy bundles of case data, "What would *you* do?"

Here is my idea, and I can't suppose for a minute that it's original with me—but you and I might be in position to do something about it. Why don't we set up a sort of international mutual fund, to invest in companies all over the place, pumping capital into enterprises that are trying to raise it but not getting involved in the operational headaches of running a business. It would really be an extension of what millions of American investors have discovered. All your risks, political and economic, would be spread out across industries and frontiers; all our risks of foreign takeover and that sort of thing would be vitiated since the Fund's holdings would not be under any one regime's control.



Reprinted from *Die Zeit*

"The Message."

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Management of the Fund would be vested in an international board of directors on which you and I (of course) would sit, along with equally well-schooled representatives of various countries, both those putting investment capital in, and those receiving the investments of, the Fund. No one would be at anyone else's mercy, since we would have shared interests in an orderly investment vehicle that pays out dividends appropriate to the degree of risk that we collectively decide to take, as professional money managers.

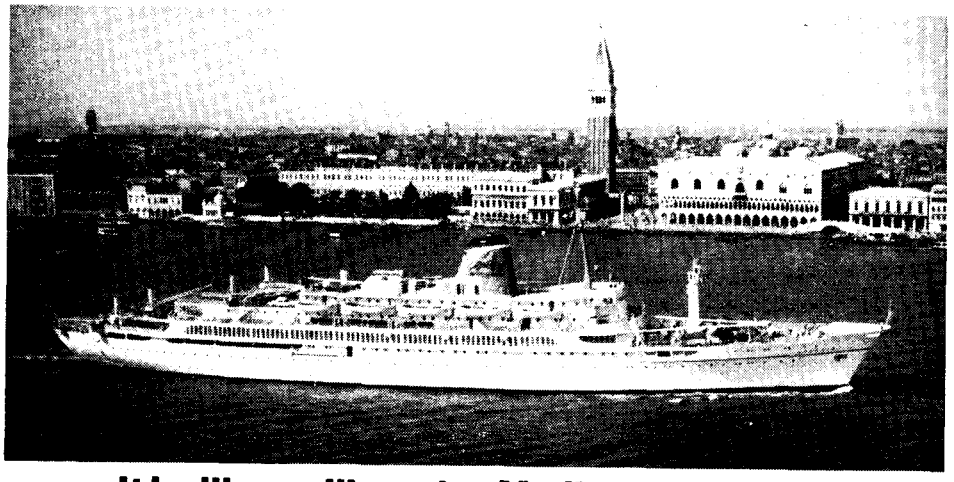
A glance through the prospectus of any American mutual fund gives more ideas about how we would function. Some of them set a $10,000 minimum for the initial investment, to discourage the casual gadflies. Considering the types of people and institutions we would be dealing with, I would suggest that we set a minimum initial investment of $100 million. Nothing casual.

SINCE THE AMOUNTS of money we would be throwing around would be rather formidable, we would probably have to negotiate our purchases company-by-company and even take a special class of shares that may or may not be available to the public. Our interest would not be spectacular capital gains—nature and the law of supply and demand have already satisfied the potential investors on that score—but rather a secure, honest, and orderly rate of return that will give your country, for instance, all the development capital it can handle for generations to come, even after the oil itself is gone or is diminished in value. Our side should certainly be willing to pay an honest return for the long-term capital that we need now.

Look. All the special financial institutions that the treasuries and finance ministries are talking about have to be tried—not just one or two of them but all of them. The money-flows these months are beyond belief. What bugs me is the We-They mentality about it all—as if we don't have a substantial common interest. Your money is no good to you if you can't do anything with it; it's our problem that we let ourselves become so dependent on your oil, but since we are, we have every reason to provide the proper return on the capital we need to whoever has it available to invest.

"What would *you* do?" That's what I would do. What do you say?

Yours,
Barney □



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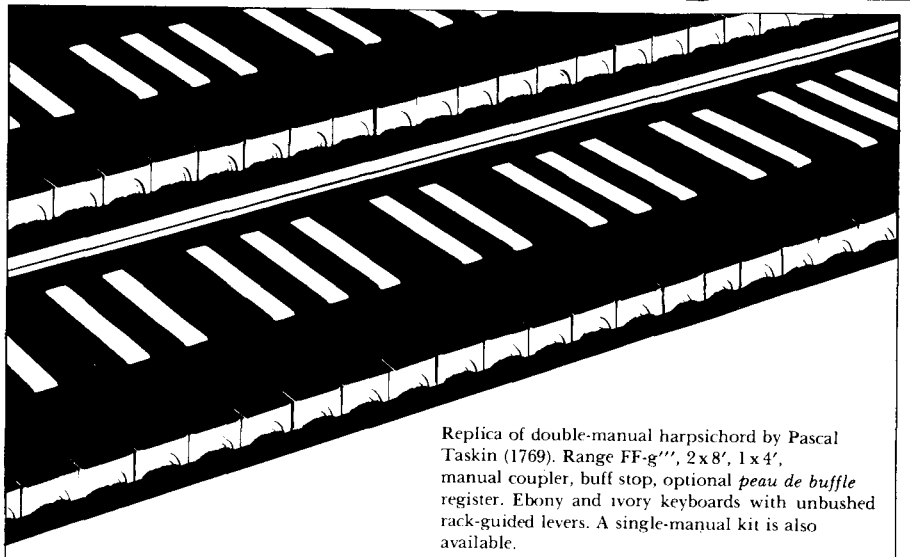

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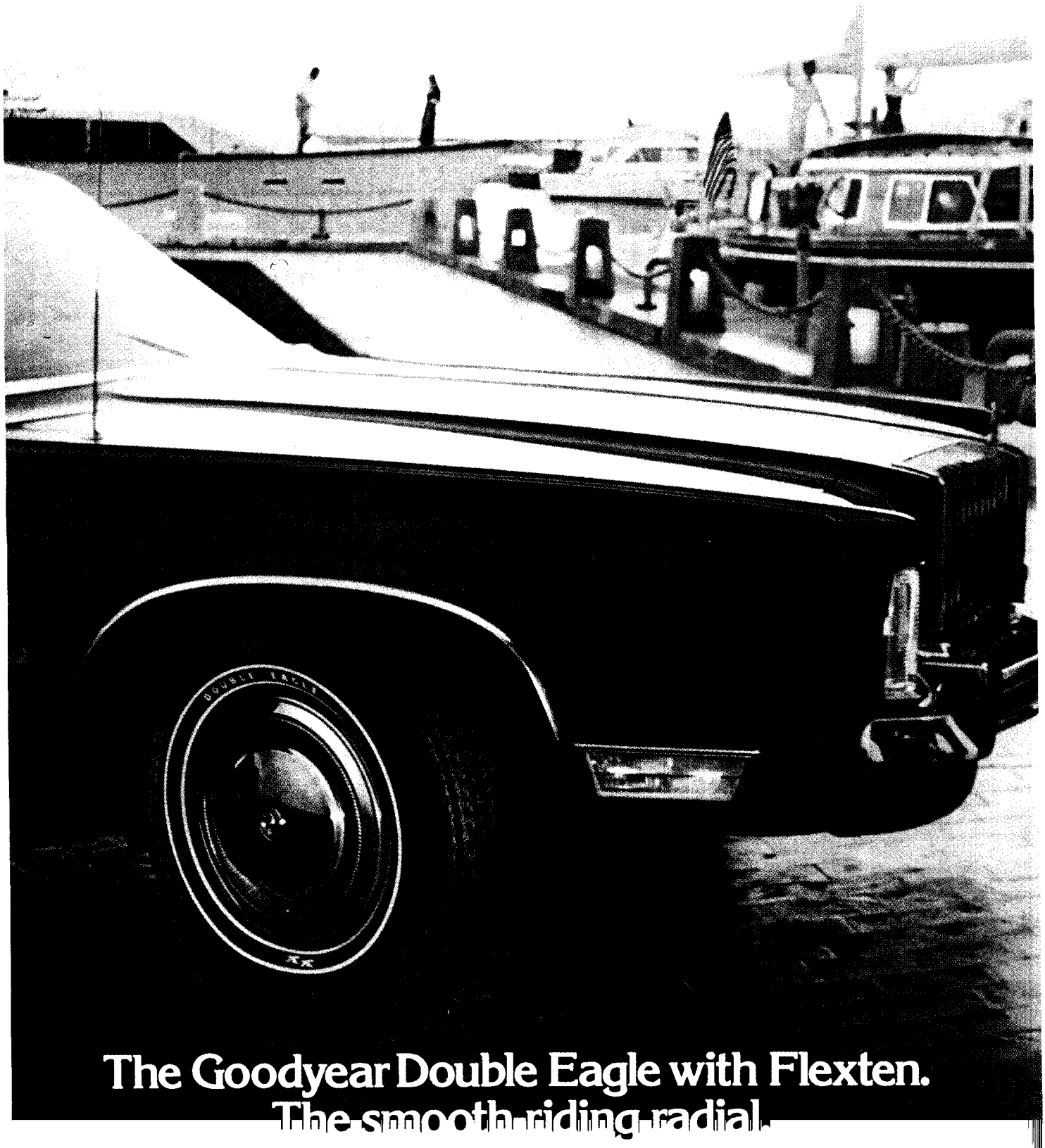

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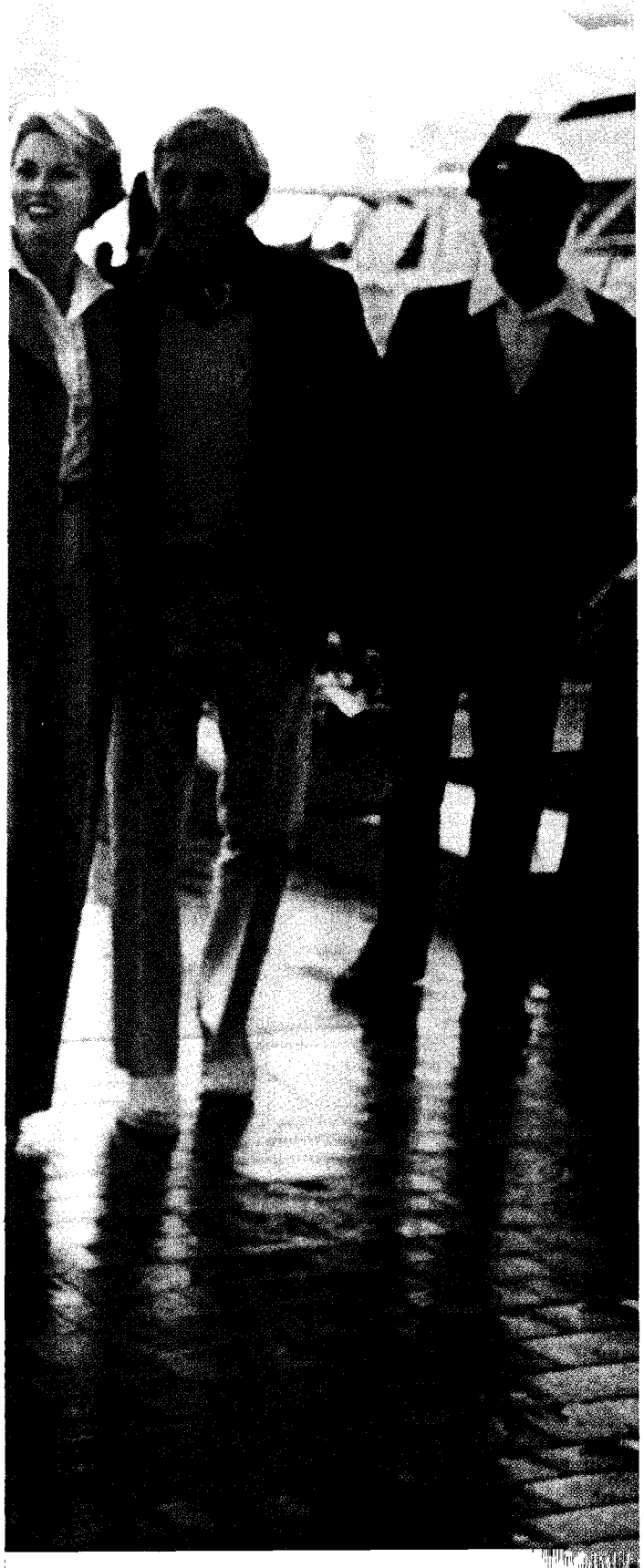

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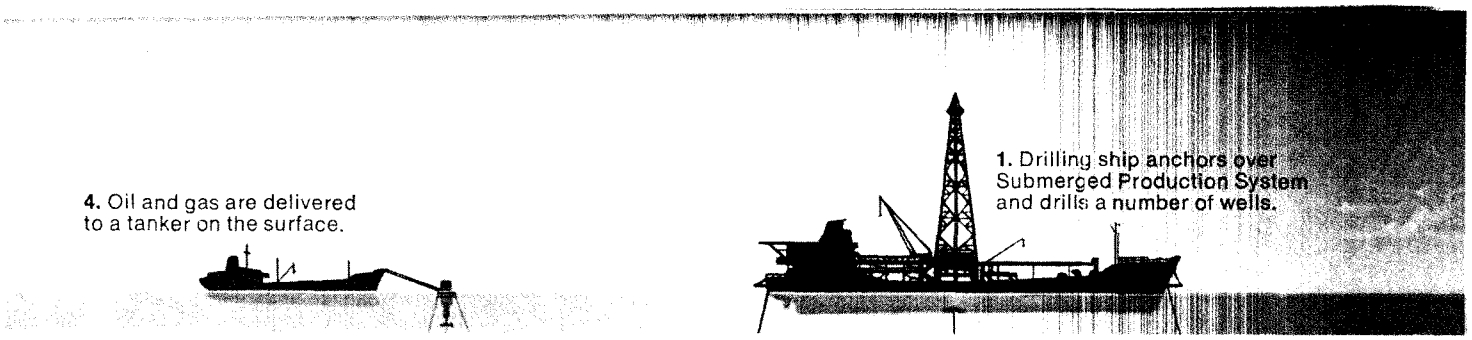
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1. Drilling ship anchors over Submerged Production System and drills a number of wells.

Seafloor oil wells.

To boost America's energy production, Exxon is taking a giant step down.

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Exxon saw the need for such a system in the mid-1960's—years before the term "energy crisis" entered our vocabulary. Now, after $30 million of design, engineering and construction, the first SPS unit is undergoing operational testing.

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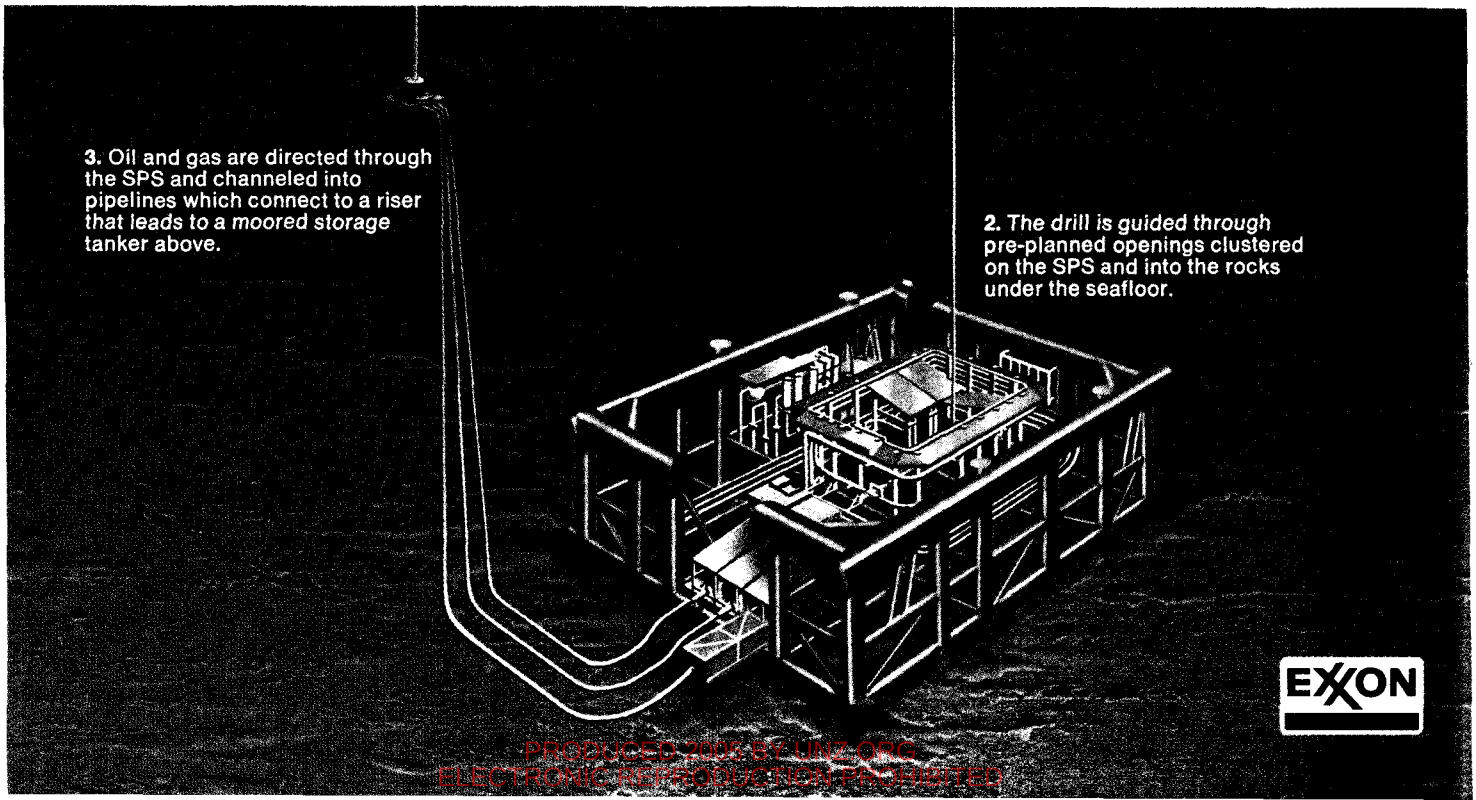
Environmentally safe

Besides having the potential to unlock billions of barrels of undersea oil—and trillions of cubic feet of natural gas—the SPS also offers many promising environmental innovations.

SPS units are designed with special equipment to prevent leaks—and special equipment to trap escaping fluids if a leak does occur.

Deeper beneath the sea than ever before—this is one of the places Exxon is going to bring you gas and oil.


3. Oil and gas are directed through the SPS and channeled into pipelines which connect to a riser that leads to a moored storage tanker above.
2. The drill is guided through pre-planned openings clustered on the SPS and into the rocks under the seafloor.
EXXON

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Whatever Happened to Project Independence?

The stirring goal of energy self-sufficiency may still be attainable, says one economist, who argues that the country's salvation lies not with oil, but in a return to coal.

Photo Trends

Black diamonds—"On the axis of the electric-energy economy of the future."

by Sidney E. Rolfe

The saga of Project Independence unfolds in three successive Novembers:

• In a prophetic talk in November 1972, former Secretary of Commerce Peter G. Peterson observed: "The era of low-cost clean energy sources is almost dead. Popeye is running out of cheap spinach."

• On November 7, 1973, former President Nixon responded to the Arab oil embargo and the "trillion-dollar ripoff" by a call for American self-sufficiency: "Let us pledge that by 1980, under Project Independence, we shall be able to meet America's energy needs from America's own energy resources."

• By November 1974, only a year later, the government had concluded that this stirring goal of total U.S. energy self-sufficiency was simply not in the cards, certainly not for 1980 nor even for 1985. Though not spelled out in so many words, this conclusion leaps from between the lines of the 780-page "executive summary" of a 30-volume study of the nation's energy problems, called *The Project Independence Report*, which the Federal Energy Administration (FEA) prepared.

But government reports—even 30-volume studies—can be flat wrong. Though massively documented and no doubt sincerely motivated, the report is, I would contend, far too gloomy about the chances of our finding viable energy sources that could be substituted for oil.

It strikes me, in fact, that even within the text of the FEA report itself, one can find many promising, workable energy approaches that are, unfairly and inexplicably, glossed over or dismissed by the agency. If one considers these downplayed approaches and then examines the new energy-generating possibilities that are commonly being talked about among energy buffs, it becomes clear that the oil-crunch problem is prickly but certainly solvable. The best way for us to explore this point is, perhaps, simply to look at what the FEA report says, then reconsider its findings in critical perspective, and end with a few suggestions of my own for breaking the energy impasse.

THE REPORT'S APPROACH is to examine four basic U.S. energy "strategies" in relation to two different levels of oil prices exacted by the oil producers' cartel—$7 and $11 a barrel. The four strategies are: (1) continuation of present policies without major new government intervention, the "base case" (or "business as usual"); (2) accelerating the domestic supply through major offshore drilling, the release of Naval Petroleum Reserves for civil use, and some secondary and tertiary recovery under some economic guarantees or incentives; (3) government-mandated conservation measures, such as levying a gasoline tax, rationing, or regulating mileage standards for autos; and (4) creation of a domestic oil stockpile of 1 billion or more barrels in order to minimize vulnerability to a new oil embargo.

Clearly these strategies are not mutually exclusive. They can be used in some combination, but for any strategy a cost is involved, and it is to this cost that attention must be paid at the policy level.

For example, at the higher price level, $11 per barrel, if the United States pursues an accelerated-supply strategy (government intervention to stimulate domestic supply) and employs effective conservation measures, it can become increasingly self-sufficient in oil. By 1980 outflows on the balance of payments for oil purchases would be $8 billion—and zero by 1985. But other costs of this

Sidney E. Rolfe is an economist whose most recent book is The Great Wheel: The International Monetary System, a Reinterpretation.

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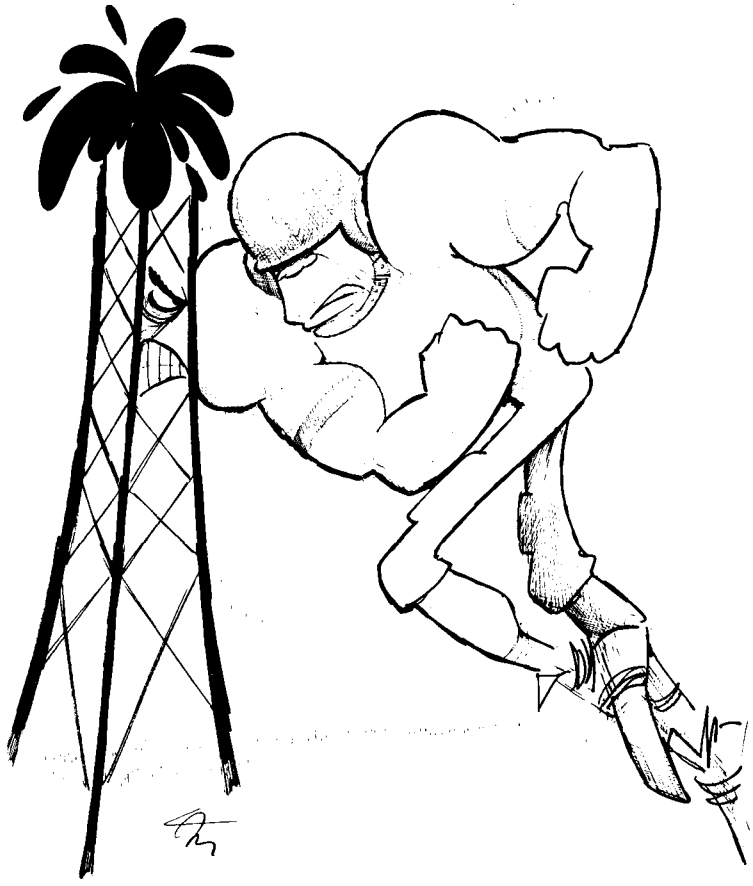
policy would be severe. The growth rate of the U.S. gross national product is projected at only 3.2 percent annually. This is a figure well below historical rates, and it implies continued high rates of inflation and unemployment and slower growth in the labor market and in amenities like housing. There would be sharp regional disparities in energy costs, with New England suffering most acutely, and the overall economic burdens would fall disproportionately on the low-income segment of American society.

The FEA example then goes on to examine what would happen if the cartel price should drift (or be forced) downward—as some believe it will be—to a hypothetical seven dollars. In that case, the impacts mentioned above would be alleviated, although by no means eliminated. Assuming the same accelerated supply strategy with oil conservation measures as in the $11 case, G.N.P. growth might average 3.7 percent, still poor but a half-percent better than in the $11 case. However, dependence on foreign oil and the attendant foreign-payments outflow would continue to be enormous. By 1985 the United States would still be importing at the rate of 5.6 million barrels per day, slightly below the present level, and annual payments for oil would exceed $14 billion. In this situation a year-long cutoff of the insecure (Arab) half of U.S. imports could cost the economy over $200 billion, though this vulnerability could be substantially reduced with an emergency storage program costing a fraction of the economic damage of another embargo.

It would be difficult enough to forecast an intricate and related series of cost-benefits even if the price of oil were fixed. But throughout the report, and in fact complicating the policy decisions to be taken, is an uncertainty about the future prices of oil. The cartel can play on its market price as if it were a piano, because its actual production cost is only about 15 to 20 cents per barrel at the wellhead.

There is, of course, no sure way for the United States or the West to force oil prices down or to ensure that they stay down, in spite of Secretary Kissinger's international efforts to form a counter-cartel to accomplish this goal. The report itself clearly favors the price reduction option: "While higher prices make achievement of self-sufficiency much easier, the United States and the world will be better off with lower prices."



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In favoring this option, the report recognizes the continued cost in huge dollar outflows in exchange for the benefits of G.N.P. gains from cheaper oil. A good deal of informed opinion contests this view on the grounds that the shift of financial power which it implies is intolerable to the West and to the international monetary system.

With respect to the vulnerability implicit in our dependence on foreign oil at the cheaper price, the report says: "Some imports are from secure sources. Others are from insecure sources, but they can be secured through emergency curtailment measures or standby storage."

This uncertainty about future oil prices has contributed significantly to Washington's reluctance and tentative pecking at a meaningful energy policy. FEA urges that this uncertainty be reduced before major investments or actions "if they involve significant costs of being wrong." But decisions cannot be deferred indefinitely, and the most recent policy pronouncements from Ford administration officials reflect a chilling sense of urgency in getting out some hard-driving decisions.

SO MUCH FOR the oil in the FEA report. I would now like to note down some of my perhaps cross-grained reactions to the points that the report makes. For instance, it relies largely on oil as the once and future basis of our energy supply. In doing so, the study makes some heroic assumptions that cannot go unquestioned. First, that oil is clean; ask any Santa Barbara resident. Second, that it is "secure"—that is, in plentiful, dependable supply. In fact, no one really knows whether there is offshore oil or how much. Nor does the fluid have longevity: Oil is a finite, diminishing resource, and it was the demand for our falling domestic supply from 1970 on that embroiled us in the crisis, to begin with. At best the oil economy can last two or three decades: What then? Total dependence on oil is indeed a retrogression.

Obviously, the question of oil is hellishly complex, and we are not sure how much there is offshore anyway. Drillers could end up with ghastly, expensive dry holes. *So why not turn back to coal?*

The United States has proven coal deposits that will last several hundred years. Our nation has more energy locked in coal than the entire Middle East has in oil. Used to the fullest extent possible for electric-power generation and industry, "black diamonds" would reduce the need for oil, alleviating our import problem very substantially. We used to rely on coal, and grew rich and mighty doing so, but we gave it up after World War II when oil became plentiful

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and cheap. Grown fat on caviar, we hate to go back to potatoes—going back is against the American psyche; but times change, and so must psyches.

The report admits all this, but its case for coal is *sotto voce* and must be extrapolated: "The coal industry has the capacity to satisfy almost any foreseeable demand for coal by 1985 at prices near 1972–73 levels and considerably below current spot market levels."

To put it differently, coal can be produced and used even today at less than the desired seven-dollar-a-barrel oil price, translating cost per BTU, and there is no dollar outflow attached.

The report posits two back-to-coal scenarios: business as usual and accelerated development. In either case the report foresees substantial increases in output. Why does private enterprise not rush in to provide the needed coal? The report cites various constraints on the expansion of coal supplies: "A coal producer must be reasonably certain that there will be a market . . . for 20 to 25 years."

But this certainty has been blocked, largely by the environmental issues. The lack of strip-mining legislation to ensure land restoration has hurt. Final agreement, however, was reached on that matter by a House-Senate conference in December 1974, and legislation is hoped for soon. For lack of this legislation the Department of the Interior, which owns over 45 million acres of low-sulfur coal lands in the West, has held up leasing of these lands, but presumably it can now go forward as well. Above all, the high air-pollution standards implicit in the Clean Air Act of 1970 mean that no one is sure how much coal can be burned even in the immediate future. If these standards are pressed, it is estimated that some 225 million tons (nearly half) of the current coal output cannot be used. Some of the provisions of the Clean Air Act are legislative, others purely administrative, and in most cases the criteria far exceed what is required for human health standards. Clearly an energy policy that looks to coal as an interim alternative source would need to moderate these standards. The report concludes: "If these uncertainties are eliminated, the current coal shortage can be substantially alleviated in three to five years."

So, with the removal of uncertainties, the business-as-usual scenario sees some increase in output. But what if the accelerated-development scenario is added—complete with incentives or price guarantees, which the report does not specify? In that case, coal production will soar, rising to 926 million tons by 1977 and over 2 billion tons by 1985—increases of 50 to 300 percent from current levels. This rise alone would alleviate most of the oil-import problem.

Nevertheless, the report sees that coal will play its most important role after 1985, when we will have ready-for-use technology, which permits coal to be liquefied to a form of oil, or gasified. The current procedure, known as the Lurgi methods, successfully fueled the German war machine during World War II. However, these methods are expensive; hence the report concludes that they must be replaced by better technology.

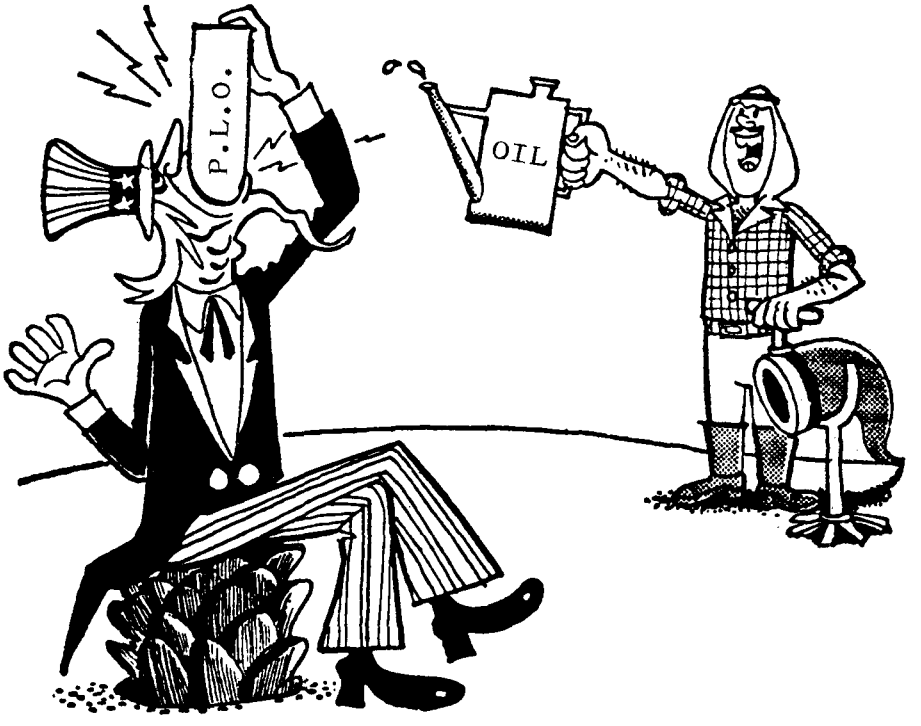
BECAUSE THE CASE the report makes for coal is ambivalent and buried, the document has been bitterly criticized by Carl Bagge, director of the National Coal Association, in a 35-page letter to Secretary of the Interior Rogers Morton. The association does not believe that government incentives are necessary for the production of more raw coal but would like to see an accelerated-development scenario for liquefaction.

Read carefully, the report's section on coal contains stunning implications. For the section indicates clearly that stimulation of coal production and use—by appropriate governmental measures aimed at reducing excessive environmental standards—would give the nation a greater cost-benefit leap than would any available alternative. The conclusion is inescapable that this is the most fertile area for policy concentration.

What about nuclear-fission energy, whose proponents are so vociferous? The report sees an increase in its capacity for generating electric power, from 4 percent now to about 30 percent of the total by 1985—less than many other forecasts. The conclusion is inescapable that atomic fission has been a major disappointment. It is now nearly 30 years since the nuclear age began, but the report indicates we are nowhere near harnessing the atom as a major substitute for oil.

The supply of uranium is finite, there are long lags in establishing nuclear plants, and antipathies to the use of fission have developed on environmental grounds. These include not only the severe problem of waste disposal but also the reluctance of many communities to have a potentially explosive plant in their midst. Beyond 1985 the report predicts that there will be an increasing transfor-

* بعد مؤتمر القمة السابع فى الرباط *



Reprinted from *Al Ahram*, Cairo

**"After the summit conference in Rabat."*

"Take some to help you swallow."

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"For the longer run, I would bank on the electric-energy economy powered by fusion, most likely multiple laser beams releasing energy from water."

mation to an electric-energy system in the United States and that electricity will provide home heating and power for electric automobiles as well as its present uses. But to do so, the nuclear age must go well beyond fission into breeder reactors or conceivably into fusion, although neither technology is yet available.

AGAINST the above background, what if anything *can* we do to achieve independence of our Arab oil habit? The answer is not an easy one. Candidate Bill Buckley was once asked what he would do if elected mayor of New York. "Leave town," he replied. New York's problems are grotesque, but simple compared with the energy-policy choices that must be made. And in the end, only the President can make them, with advice and help. Schooled in compromise, President Ford must now learn that leadership has the capacity to inflict pain and to teach. Energy policy may fall into the purview of the Vice-President. Nelson Rockefeller summarized our dilemma when, in a neat synopsis, he told a Senate committee: The American people want secure energy, clean energy, and cheap energy at once. But they can no longer have all three. Choices must be made, priorities set, and costs paid. To whoever makes policy, I offer the following unsolicited advice:

(1) Priority must be placed on secure and inexpensive energy. In the interim, we must compromise cleanliness to the extent necessary: No easy task, for many in the new Congress are strong environmentalists and are perhaps unaware that excessive environmentalism is polluting the economy.

(2) In practical terms, this approach means immediate steps to conserve oil consumption, whether by levying a gas tax or by ration or whatever. A gas tax allows some of the economic inequities to be offset. But Kissinger and others are right: We must cut consumption 1 million barrels a day right now, and keep cutting.

(3) At the same time, oil-storage facilities must be provided and stocked to nullify a new embargo and to permit international oil sharing.

(4) In the interim (1977–80), our salvation lies in increased coal production. Coal can be used for generating electricity and for powering industry. It cannot be used, given present technology, to run cars or to heat homes, but if we use it now where possible, within the next two to five years, we can reduce our oil imports to very manageable levels.

Because coal is on the axis of the electric-energy economy—the path of the future, as the report agrees—the revival of coal use not only is the key to our independence but will move us into the future as well.

(5) The constraint on coal use is that it is not clean. Strip-mining is the first environmental constraint. The lack of strip-mining legislation has held up the issue of leases on the 45 million acres of government land in the West, most of it bearing clean coal (1 percent sulfur or less). Legislators should be pushed, and leases should be issued quickly with heavy penalty clauses for those who hold leases but do not mine coal. This stipulation is particularly true when oil companies already own vast reserves and there may be a real conflict of interest. The second constraint is clean air. Standards must be relaxed to permit coal use, until clean-burning coal can be developed. The two issues are related, because public and congressional willingness to reduce air standards will depend on credibility that it is temporary and will in any event not be harmful to human health even if some of the frills are reduced—for example, effects on certain plants.

(6) According to the report, clean coal is not in the cards until after 1985 because the technology to make synthetic gas and oil from coal—called Syngas and Syncrude by energy buffs—needs to be developed. This opens the case for crash R & D programs, which have been wholly lacking in energy. The independence option is not foreclosed to the United States by lack of resources or by limitations of our technological or capital investment capability. Like the World War II rubber, aircraft, and shipbuilding "miracles," or the Sixties' space success, a crash effort can do the job. But it requires a mobilization of American society and effective blocking of those lobbies which do not want miracles to happen, because they profit from business as usual.

(7) There are a number of very near (two to five years off) technological miracles that can be brought off by mobilized, directed, and funded effort. To cite a few:

• *M.H.D. — magnetohydrodynamics,* which increases thermal efficiency of coal by 50 percent or more (like having that much more coal) and reduces air pollutants in dramatic fashion. For example, a 1,000 mw M.H.D. generating plant emits a mere three tons of sulfur dioxide a day, compared with 450 tons for a comparable steam plant. Experts claim that basic research is complete, that $100 million of R & D money will show us "how to get there" (not *whether* we can, which we already know), that the whole of the United States can be equipped with M.H.D. burners for a fraction of the cost of Syngas, and that the equipment can be built by the thousands of small machine shops around the country. Surely this is worth a crash R & D gamble.

• *The Flywheel,* which, like a battery, stores electrical energy, but infinitely more efficiently. It is a key link on the road to the electric economy—indeed its presence would unblock that road. It will also drive a car 200 miles on a single charge (the electric automobile) with no oil or pollution and for pennies of off-peak-hour electricity. Wind energy can be trapped and stored in the flywheel for heating and powering homes. This device could be a multi-billion-dollar breakthrough, creating an industry to replace the internal combustion motor in most cases. There is no systematic R & D program for it: another excellent gamble.

(8) For the longer run, too, I would bank on the electric-energy economy *powered by fusion,* most likely multiple laser beams releasing energy from water —of which we have plenty. A focused ample-research program is required here, too, starting now, as the long run always does.

(9) Kissinger's international initiative to form a counter-cartel is laudable but lacks credibility. Our allies are not sure that we will tighten our belts or find substitutes for oil, of which we use about 35 percent of the total for 6 percent of the world's population. If they thought we meant it, they would go along. The foregoing program should provide the needed economic clout to assure success for our diplomatic initiatives. □

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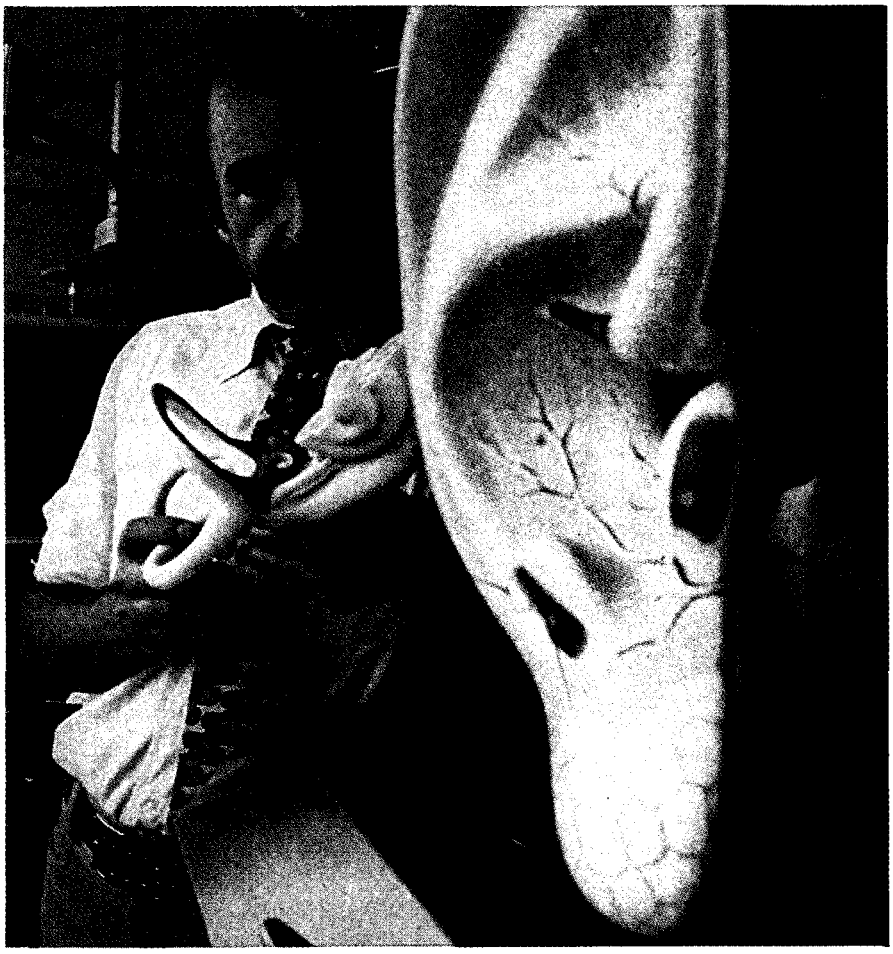

Dr. Inselberg holds a model of the inner ear whose functions he is helping to explain.

A look at the subtle workings of the inner ear

An estimated 3 million Americans suffer from what is called nerve deafness. Their hearing loss is often caused by an affliction of the inner ear—one of the most inaccessible and least understood parts of the anatomy.

The auditory part of the inner ear called the cochlea, Greek for snail because of its shape, is hidden behind the toughest bone in the body. The cochlea, in turn, houses our principal hearing mechanism—an inch-long membrane the thickness of a human hair.

For over a century scientists have believed that a mathematical description of the inner ear could provide us with important information. But until recent years, they haven't had the necessary experimental evidence or the computational power of the high-speed computer. Now, a mathematician at IBM's Los Angeles Scientific Center has succeeded in giving us a "look" inside the inner ear.

Dr. Alfred Inselberg has been working on this project for fifteen years, since his days in graduate school. He pursued it on his own until four years ago when IBM made the study his official assignment.

Working in collaboration with the medical staff from the Ear Research Institute in Los Angeles and Dr. Richard Chadwick of Technion—the Israel Institute of Technology—he has created a mathematical model of the inner ear that is helping specialists learn more about the way it functions.

The function of the inner ear, shown above, has long been a mystery. Doctors and scientists have been working to unlock the secrets of hearing contained inside this small part of the body. We now know that it receives the sounds from the outer and middle ears, sensing and processing the information and sending it on to the brain, resulting in a hearing sensation.

"We can generate a computer model, based on the mathematical model that describes the behavior of the cochlea," explains Dr. Inselberg. "We can then do various experiments on the computer that could not be done on the actual ear. We can use the computer to discover what sort of physical defect results in a particular hearing impairment. Since the defect can be 'repaired' mathematically in the model, we could, in some cases, even suggest appropriate treatment."

These experiments together with the mathematical analysis of the model have provided some important information. "For example," says Dr. Inselberg, "they have given us a better understanding of the likely causes of ear ailments such as presbycusis—the loss of hearing with age—and Meniere's disease, a kind of deafness characterized by ringing in the ear."

About his research, Dr. Inselberg says, "There's a real human need for it as well as a natural curiosity to find out how things work. We must remember that no mathematical model can be as precise as the real thing. But our model is answering questions that couldn't be answered without it."

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Helping students choose careers

Choosing a career is a difficult decision most students face sometime during their schooling. Often, they don't have adequate knowledge of how career opportunities match up with their capabilities. Now a computer program available from Willowbrook High School in Villa Park, Illinois, where it was developed, is helping students at more than 75 high schools across the country with career guidance. Using the program, called Computerized Vocational Information System, students can compare their own attitudes, interests and academic records with information on some 500 different occupations.

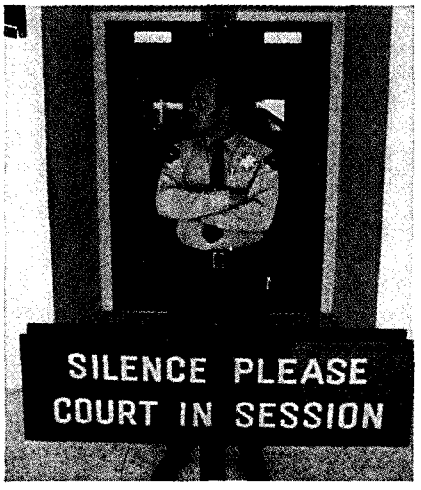
After answering questions about themselves, the students can see, on a TV-like screen, a list of careers which are most suitable for them. Counselors then personally assist the student in making the best vocational selection.

At Proviso Township High School near Chicago, the program is helping the counseling effort immeasurably, according to Dan Heintz, Vocational Counselor. "This program gives our students a chance to see the number of careers available to them and helps them focus on their own potential and interest," he says. "And, instead of spending time hunting for information, our counselors can now concentrate on counseling."

The program also provides information on some 1600 colleges, as well as specialized and technical schools.

Court turns to computer to help cut case load

Across the country, courtrooms are backlogged and the paperwork involved in the administration of court operations is increasing rapidly.



To aid in solving these problems, the San Diego Law and Justice Agency turned to an IBM computer. Today many people in the area are getting court action on their civil cases with far less waiting.

"It wouldn't have been possible without the computer," says Jesse Osuna, County Clerk.

Advances in technology have resulted in lower computing costs, making computers economically feasible for applications such as this.

The computer was programmed to assist with the calendaring of civil cases in Superior Court, which had become an almost superhuman task. It required the coordination of judges, attorneys and witnesses. Index cards were kept, by month, for each of the nearly 2200 attorneys in the county, containing his trial calendar. These had to be manually revised and kept current.

Now, among other things, the computer helps keep a constantly updated trial calendar for each attorney.

And the court's backlog of cases has been reduced.

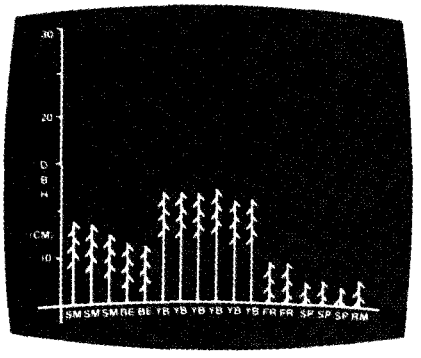


Illustration of tree 'growth' on computer terminal display screen.

The forest that grows in a minute

As an aid in planning the reforesting of cleared areas, it is now possible to simulate tree growth on a computer.

Through the efforts of scientists from IBM and Yale University, researchers can watch a century-old forest "grow" on a computer terminal's TV-like screen at the rate of a year a second. They can then accurately project forest growth patterns that take into account such interrelated conditions as soil quality, climate, topography and the competition between tree species.

Those chiefly responsible for the program are Dr. Daniel Botkin of the Yale School of Forestry and Environmental Studies and two scientists from IBM's Research Division—Dr. James Wallis, hydrologist and Dr. James Janak, a theoretical physicist.

Mexico is building new roads to link remote villages with main highways. And the road-building program also brings needed employment to farmers in certain areas during their off season. Deciding where to put the roads so they'll do the most good in serving both job and transportation needs is a complex question involving population densities and economic factors. An IBM computer is processing data to help planners find the right answers.

IBM

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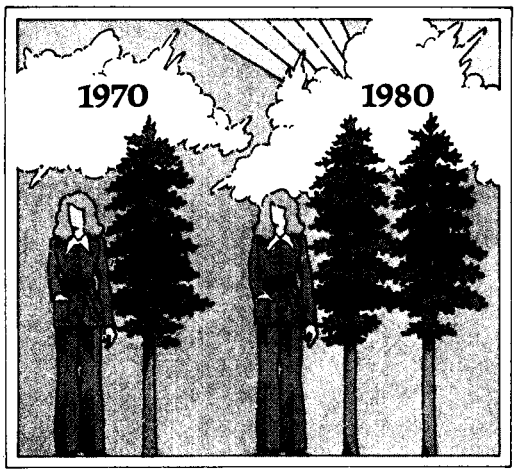

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SR Books

In Lawrence's Shadow

The Cockatoos
by Patrick White
Viking, 312 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Bruce Allen

When Australian novelist Patrick White was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1973, the good judgment and sanity of the Swedish Academy came once again under suspicious international scrutiny. It was, everyone remembered, these same Swedes who perversely attempted to immortalize such unknowns (un*reads*, at least) as Rudolf Eucken, Carl Spitteler, Giosuè Carducci. How many of us even know which countries these long-forgotten laureates represent?

Patrick White is known to American readers, but reviewers here have tended to see in him a kind of bush D. H. Lawrence, a pretentious primitivist who assembles characters burning with thematic *purpose*—intense, dreaming Prometheuses—within vast, creaking narrative structures that offer individual experiences as universal myths. The looming continent embraced and traversed by White's uprooted Europeans is an abstract and primeval test of their ability to "break through" to self-understanding. "Down under" (especially when it maps the route of a protagonist's soul-journey) is hell, nor are they out of it.

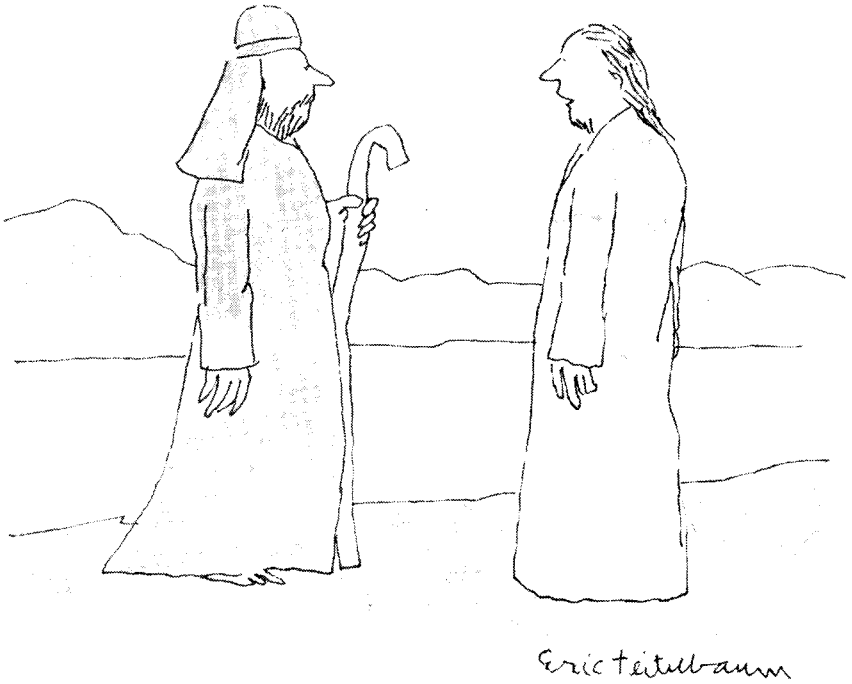
Each of White's novels is a search for ultimate meanings. Oddly, each is also an ambitiously comprehensive sweep over a large and confusing terrain, nevertheless focusing on an individual character or several characters—and on such individuals' ways of perceiving the life that clamors around them. Thus, a plain, awkward woman's willed retreat from her ugly life becomes a rich romantic escape into idealized selfhood (*The Aunt's Story*). A laborious trek across the Australian continent is elevated, by the imaginations that fuel it, into a Christ-like epic of aspiration and sacrifice (*Voss*). The painfully entwined lives of two brothers—one priggish and hateful, the other gentle but retarded—writhe in an operatic struggle that aims to oppose the creative and destructive halves of the human soul (*The Solid Mandala*).

It is the apparent distortion of focus, I believe, that makes White's books confusing. Our attention is pulled toward individual characters; emphatic images and phrases direct us to infer grand meanings from their conflicts. But their actions, and the announced significances therefrom, are frequently credible *only* as symbol and are unconvincing as drama. We wonder, a bit resentfully, how cataclysmic universals can be latent, behind a "realism" that has been so patently fabricated.

WHITE'S FOURTH NOVEL, *Riders in the Chariot* (1961), drearily exemplifies his weakness for contrivance. It is a complicated interweaving of the life-altering "visions" that possess four starkly imagined, tormented characters: a gnarled, pathetic madwoman; a patiently long-suffering farm wife; a Blakean aborigine painter; and a despised Jew (whom White will not resist crucifying, in an insanely feverish climax). The novel is about the irresistible permeability of evil in all of us; when the novel concentrates on its people, there is superbly convincing drama. But White is interested in the intersection of their fates, and the metaphoric momentum rips every realistic detail away from its location, as the riders lumber toward their prepared apocalypse. It's an unusually strong novel, owing to its *potential*. There are four striking, separate centers of interest, but the direction the novel takes is toward the interlocking and relating of its separable meanings. We lose our sense of the characters' powerful individuality, because we're encouraged to perceive the blueprints that explain them and schematize their relationships.

White's style poses additional problems. The prose is densely packed, jangling with implied resonances. The rhythms place heavy emphasis on single words and phrases. We're forced to read slowly and look for the critical object or image. But the syntax frequently deceives, because White's language doesn't concentrate in a way that is related to

Bruce Allen, a free-lance writer, is currently working on a study of American fiction since 1960.



"I'm son of Ishmael, grandson of Label, brother of Mishra, nephew of Eleazor, cousin of Ruth—the Ruth from Jericho, not the one from Eilat—must I go on?"

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meaning; it stretches for vivid devices to express even subsidiary meanings. Essentials, and incidentals as well, are worked over with bone-crushing emphasis.

The following appears on the penultimate page of White's most recent novel, *The Eye of the Storm*. It renders a nurse's last look at her deceased patient's empty bedroom:

> The light in Mrs. Hunter's room was at this hour neither moon nor day. Here and there stood the empty vases: columns of crystal and trumpets of silver. The great empty bed fluctuated like a sheet of dreaming water. What she knew to be a silver sun let into the rosewood bedhead had more the appearance of a stationary crab suspicious of an intrusion on its shallows.

You can't read that paragraph without pausing to puzzle over its emphases. The eerie intermingling of colors and textures *seems* the primary effect intended. (In context: Things have fallen angrily apart; a sense of pervasive distortion and unclarity is dominant.) But White relaxes all unity of effect, straining to fix attention on each successive turn of phrase, whatever its relative importance. The syntax slows the reader disastrously. The crab metaphor draws disproportionate attention and, moreover, appears at the paragraph's end. And why should the bed "fluctuate" or resemble "a sheet of dreaming water"? How do such metaphors apply?

Vagueness like this loses readers. It's obvious that White's avidity for gargantuan effects makes him a clumsy writer, in the noticeable element of sentences and paragraphs. And yet this stylistic crudeness has never seemed to bother White's British critics, who almost unanimously assert his importance as a Homeric celebrator of heroic psyches. (*The Eye of the Storm*, labeled elephantine and unintelligible by most American reviewers, was respectfully praised throughout the United Kingdom.) One can argue that the tradition of the serial novel, with its jerry-built crisis points and unabashed inset summaries, has inured British critics to verbosity and overwriting. But it's also true that they tend to view single books as parts of a writer's total output, and it may be this practice, too often ignored by American criticism, that contributes to the world's high opinion of Patrick White.

I think that if one reads all of White's novels and short stories (not necessarily in their order of publication), one can sense a central strength inhering in White's view of the relationship of individuals to universals. Abstractions and eternalities are the quarry of the journeys and quests and symbolic confrontations that occupy the forefront of his novels. But it is *individuals* who dominate his spacious canvases: We see the huge and menacing intimations of eternity as they are seen by White's seekers after enlightenment and transcendence.

THE TITLE of his (long-out-of-print) second novel, *The Living and the Dead*, indicates a constant preoccupation in White's work. "The dead" are myopic physical shells, unresponsive to the vital significations implanted in persons and things. "The living" are White's defiant visionaries, and his gift for evocative imagery is his ability to show us the world the way it is perceived by his brilliantly deranged protagonists. Theodora Goodman of *The Aunt's Story* (1948) sedulously withdraws from the family and civilization that find her ridiculous, her imagination groping toward the dreamed kingdom, Meroë, passed on from her enchanting ne'er-do-well father. There are flashes of fire in Theodora and a clenched, intense determination to reject reality: She is a believably complex character.

The same can be said of Hurtle Duffield, painter-hero of *The Vivisector* (1970), a sprawlingly awkward chronicle of the artist's life that gets its power from the doggedness with which White shows us how every image, every dot of color or motion that appears in Duffield's work, has its place as a fact, remembered and transmuted, from his life. Occasional Dickensian comedy and (rather broad) social satire provide some variety, but this novel succeeds (as *Riders* does not) because White builds it around a believable character—and a theme suited to his abilities—and sticks to them.

There are other examples. *The Tree of Man* (1955) founders on some Lawrencian special pleading for the superiority of primitive instinct to civilization; but whenever it settles into an unpretentious depiction of lives lived fixedly *in nature*, it works, touchingly (and more than one critic has noted its best passages' resemblance to the great pages of Law-

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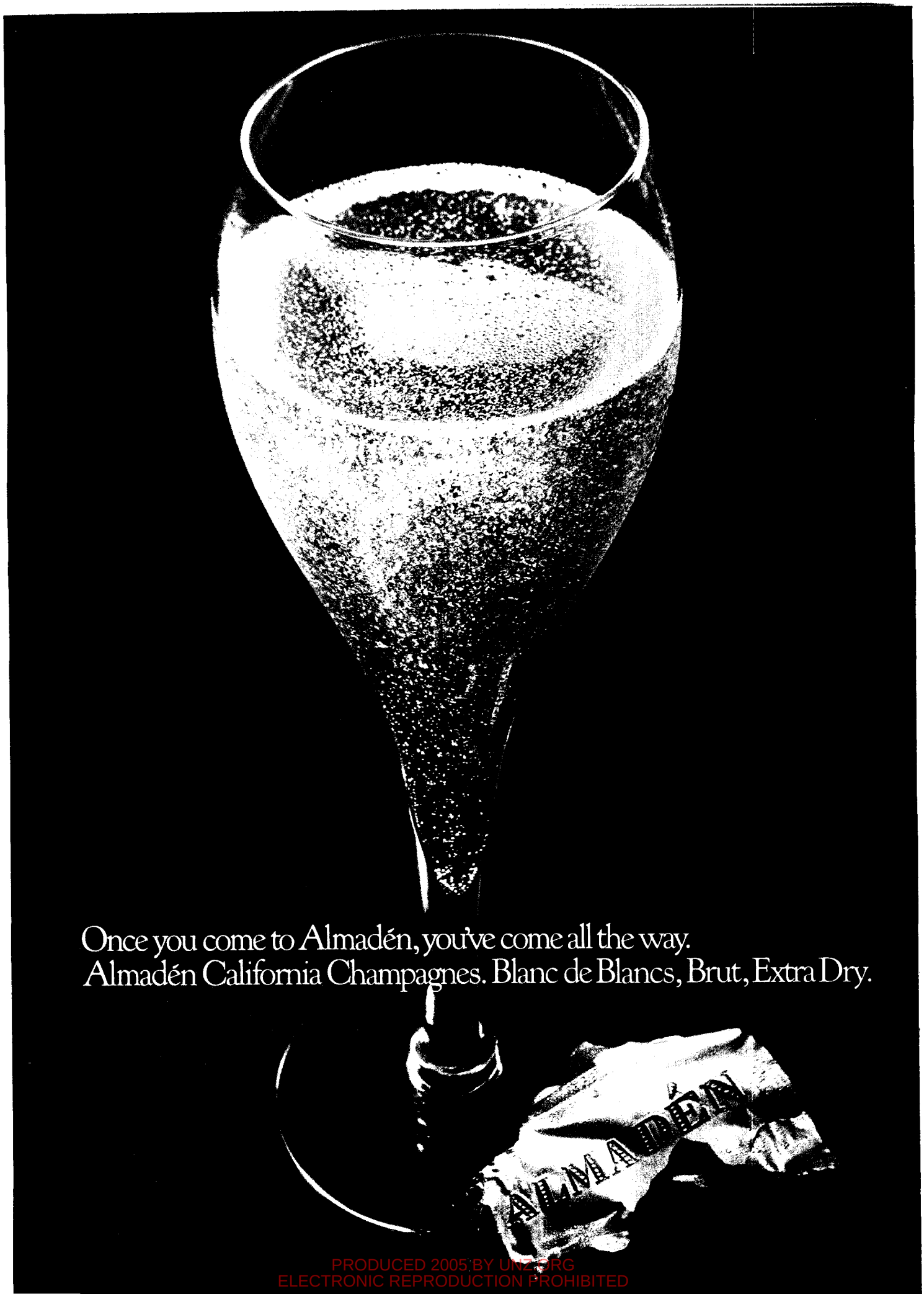

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rence's least bombastic masterpiece, *The Rainbow*). Both *The Solid Mandala* (1966) and *The Eye of the Storm* (1974) analyze Lear-like vipers' nests of families and are strongest when their mythical dimensions go unshouted, and when White's darkly lit conflict scenes communicate the tightening recognition of their similarities that binds his people inexorably together.

THE SHORT STORIES seldom match the flawed but genuinely imaginative grandeur of the novels. What they gain is *focus,* for White employs the story form for creating characters uneasily involved in exterior relationships, who recoil into deep self-absorption or recapturable (thus, comforting) pasts. An early collection, *The Burnt Ones* (1964), contains several remarkable examples of White's technique of slow, patient revelation. In stories such as "A Glass of Tea" and "A Cheery Soul," challenging outward conflicts force people backward and inward, toward discovery of the forces that have made them what they are and that continue to rule their lives.

The stories collected in *The Cockatoos* are reputedly recent work, but at least two display flaws that suggest they may be early stories, later rewritten. "The Full Belly" is a wry tragicomedy of the collision of flesh and spirit, set in wartime Greece. Its young protagonist, Costa, surrenders aesthetic and religious ideals, impelled by hunger to sell himself sexually to a beckoning German corporal. The story's climax pits him in a pathetic wrestling match with his crone-like aunt, for a furtive mouthful of rice.

"The Cockatoos" also employs a youthful protagonist—though he's but one of several—in a crazily diffuse melodrama that may have been an embryonic novel. Cockatoos, it tells us, though brightly plumed, are vicious and destructive. When flocks of them mysteriously gather about a small rural settlement, the trick of nature unsettles relationships among half a dozen emotionally unstable characters. Everybody who survives comes to some desired central understanding about himself; the story is readable and lively but unduly schematic.

"Five-Twenty" is that time each day when the same stranger drives past the Natwicks' front porch. Beautifully narrated from the repressed, imaginative wife's viewpoint, the story triumphantly asserts coincidence to show how a thwarted life can suddenly burst open with promise, then, as suddenly, hideously close down on itself again. In strictly realistic terms, the narrative is scarcely believable. But the facts as Ella Natwick perceives them are hauntingly true to the character White has imagined for her.

Other stories are credible in direct proportion to the use White makes of their characters' inner lives. "Sicilian Vespers" veers close to outright comedy, as it charts the tourists' odyssey of a retired Australian couple taken in tow by a brace of art-hunting Americans. Ivy Simpson is secure with her undemanding husband (as the story opens, he's in the throes of a toothache). She spends her vacation fending off memories of her loathsomely chummy father and the incomprehensibly seductive appeal of the lubricious Babbitt, Clark Shacklock. Ivy discovers an unsuspected talent for lust and duplicity; appropriately, concealing them from her husband proves easy, and she goes home burdened with her disagreeable new self-knowledge.

"The Night the Prowler" details the march toward self-knowledge of a young girl who is raped and uncovers "reality." Felicity Bannister emerges from her ordeal with a rationale for rejecting the twin smugnesses of her bourgeois parents and complacent fiancé. She becomes a vandal, a derelict "grateful for . . . release from the myths to which they had been enslaved." White contrives some arrestingly gritty concluding scenes, but the story is so constructed that the driving force behind Felicity's "change" is a plot trick—revealed to us at a point when the resolution that follows it can be nothing but anti-climactic.

ONLY IN "A Woman's Hand" do we see White's peculiar strengths and weaknesses in exhilarating combination. Evelyn and Harold Fazackerley, in retirement from a life of cautiously borne disappointments, meet, and awkwardly destroy, a friend from Harold's childhood. It is the brash Evelyn, determined to probe and overmanage, who descends on the sourly phlegmatic Clem Dowson, shrewishly mocking his inwardness, half-aggressively arranging his marriage to a disturbed woman so deeply like him that neither can survive their union. Telling the story, White stays near the psyche of the coarse, selfish Evelyn; but when a devastating impression of waste and folly echoes out from the carnage, it is Harold who briefly assumes understanding—as if to remind us that pockets of sanity are only slender islands amid the upheaval, often glimpsed too late and too distant.

It is the opening story in this collection, and a good one, I think, with which to begin one's reading of Patrick White. Its style sometimes verges on obscurity, its organization succumbs to illogic. But the confusions are the kind that are suffered by people who venture deeply into their own—and others'—souls. At the story's outset, it is the quirky strangeness of the Fazackerleys that impresses. As the story ends, we've come to know that they are the same kind of people we are—and the shock of recognition is genuinely appalling. □

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From the book.

Freud and daughter, Anna—"Less threatened by women than by deviating male colleagues."

Analysis and Its Discontents

Freud and His Followers
by Paul Roazen
Knopf, 602 pp., $15.00

Reviewed by Stephen Koch

Mr. Roazen's absorbing account of Freud's personal relationships has real importance. One senses that psychoanalysis and psychotherapy as a whole are currently enduring a crisis of confidence, especially here in America, where they have flourished as nowhere else. By now the insights of Freud and his followers have at least touched, and often transformed, the thinking of virtually every educated person in the country. But almost exactly to that degree, confusion proliferates. While the practice of orthodox Freudian analysis as taught in the medical schools hardens into an ever more defensive piety, the most conspicuous "revisionists" are being superseded by a hyped array of splinter theories often indistinguishable from cultism and quackery. The crisis is not limited merely to the spiraling fury of feminists and gay liberationists. Those who have been helped generally keep quiet, while on all sides (though the sexually unspecific are not yet organized) the uncured and unhelped raise the enraged polemics of extravagant hope betrayed.

So Mr. Roazen's book is timely. The most respectful of revisionists, he plainly understands the irreplaceable role of psychoanalysis in modern consciousness, and he therefore wants to reach a demythologized understanding of Freud himself. "We are all Freud's pupils," he says; that being so, it is a matter of some urgency to know precisely who that extraordinary man was. Some years ago Mr. Roazen set out to interview anyone he could find who had had any significant relationship with Freud. The first fruit of that research was Mr. Roazen's earlier *Brother Animal*, the startling and terrible account of Freud and Lou Andreas Salomé's relation to Victor Tausk, perhaps the most brilliant of Freud's early followers, who committed suicide in 1919. *Freud and His Followers* now provides the complete account of Roazen's discoveries about Freud's relation to his family, disciples, patients, friends, and those among his friends who, by daring to deviate from his iron rule, became enemies.

Although the book reaches few if any major new conclusions, it does integrate into one volume what has been known in a scattered way about Freud's personal attitudes and relations. I know no other portrait of Freud that is so unpolemical, carefully developed, and convincing. Mr. Roazen approaches his subject with an ample intellect and an informed open-mindedness. As a writer, he is graced with a not inconsiderable talent for applying the most meticulous intellectual tact to very complex matters without ever becoming a bore. To be sure, if Mr. Roazen possesses any large synthesizing gifts, he does not display them here. He resists theoretical conclusions—even the most obvious and thoroughly discussed, such as Freud's occasional tendency to promulgate as universal truths what were only aspects of his own personality. But we have no lack of theoreticians prepared to reach grand conclusions about Freud. Here we have a calm and complete discussion of what all the shouting is about. *Freud and His Followers* should be welcomed as a long, drenching rain of information gently pouring at last over a forest fire of controversy.

Those hoping for a debunking should forget it. Nonetheless, what emerges most clearly on the negative side is Freud's irrepressible will to domination. One had vaguely known, but had never before seen so clearly demonstrated, how intolerant and autocratic Freud could be when his most brilliant disciples started reaching major conclusions of their own. (Feminists will be interested to know that in his later years women disciples like Helene Deutsch and Ruth Bruns-

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wick had greater doctrinal freedom than did the men, simply because Freud felt less threatened by women than by deviating male colleagues.) One had never before seen how patriarchally jealous Freud could be of his absolute preeminence in the movement. His concern with proper attribution of ideas and with plagiarism bordered on an obsession. He explicitly imagined himself to be the science's "father": He frequently referred to disciples as "my son" or "my adopted son." (Meanwhile, he did not admit his own sons to his intellectual confidence, preferring his brilliant, unthreatening daughter, Anna.) There was in him much of the Jewish patriarch, struggling to make a safe place for "his children" in an alien, hostile land. It is here made clear just how mediocre were many in his most immediate circle in Vienna (in the movement, they were known as the "yes-men")—and how dangerous any unruly independence in that circle could be. Freud not only was domineering but also possessed the full charisma of his great genius. People turned themselves over to him completely. Freud could sometimes use his power over them in far from attractive ways; Roazen's account of Freud and Lou Andreas Salomé's imbroglio with the brilliant, doomed Victor Tausk reveals Freud using it (uncharacteristically, to be sure) with an appalling cruelty that simply leaves one staring in shock.

Roazen meticulously develops Freud's relations with major dissenters like Adler, Jung, Wilhelm Reich, as well as with the true believers. There are marvelously detailed discussions of Freud's family life, friendships, and encounters with the patients who came to that Viennese consulting room. A long section is devoted to an extremely intelligent discussion of Freud's experience of his Jewish identity.

There is much here that may startle and distress the more orthodox worshipers at the Freudian shrine. Freud was, for example, quite dismissive about the need for analysts to have M.D.s and did not entertain a terribly high opinion of the medical profession in general. Some totems and taboos of Freudian practice were for him mere matters of convenience. He sat behind the couch, for example, simply because he disliked being stared at all day long. He often analyzed personal friends, socialized (in his very Victorian way) with patients, and even analyzed his own daughter. Analysis with Freud rarely lasted more than a few months, often no more than a few weeks. Perhaps most interesting of all, Freud did not consider himself to have a "therapeutic temperament" and did not particularly enjoy the role of healer "helping suffering mankind." His expectations of therapy would strike us as very limited, and he continued to practice to the end of his very long life primarily because (1) he needed the money, (2) he wanted to confirm his theoretical speculations, and (3) he wanted to maintain his grip on the movement, and in later life most of his patients were analysts-in-training. Although generalizations are dangerous, Freud rather derogated the therapeutic application of analysis and was much more concerned with its theoretical dimension.

Occasionally (but doubtless necessarily), Roazen rehashes some very-well-known matters. There are omissions: Although many former patients were interviewed, we hear little more than anecdotes about their treatment with Freud. In the introduction, Roazen says he inquired carefully into Freud's attitudes toward homosexuality, but in the text, the subject (unlike his attitudes toward women) gets no space at all.

Meanwhile, there are enough new and old anecdotes here to keep analysands chitchatting for years. If I ever knew, I had forgotten that Freud had sent his own sons to the family doctor to learn the facts of life. He held a very low opinion of America and Americans, typically thinking us unmannered barbarians who were undermining civilization. This aspect of his attitudes, by the way, was excised from Ernest Jones's dutiful biography at the insistence of Anna Freud, "for the sake of the movement," since by then the main action was in America. Likewise, in Freud's last years most of his patients were Americans, simply because they were richer and his fees were not low. I had not known how strong was Freud's interest in the occult, or of his acceptance in later life of some varieties of psychic experience, among them thought transference. For me, the chapter on the occult was Mr. Roazen's major piece of news.

Freud and His Followers cannot replace either Ernest Jones's admittedly tendentious biography or the writings of either Freud or his followers. But Roazen's achievement is no small one. Though Freud's intellectual heroism retains its power to move and impress, this book decisively returns the Freud of legend to the realities of history. Timid souls need have no fear: The man who solved the riddle of the sphinx looms plenty large enough, even off his pedestal. □

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War, Peace, and Dissent

The Seven Days of Creation
by Vladimir Maximov
Knopf, 448 pp., $10.00

Reviewed by Susan Jacoby

Western critics tend to yearn for a rare conjunction of political courage and literary genius in every new book by a dissident Russian writer. Vladimir Maximov's novel is filled with courage, but it is not a work of genius.

Maximov, a 42-year-old writer who was exiled from his Russian homeland last year, has an honorable history not only of political dissent but also of simple human decency. Without the protection afforded by international fame, he took public and private risks on behalf of his principles and his friends, and he took them at a time when the international intellectual community was much less sensitive to issues of human rights in Communist countries than it has become in recent years.

The Seven Days of Creation attempts to explore the social cataclysms of twentieth-century Russia through several generations of the same family, and through individuals whose lives span all of the generations. Fiction in which characters are developed as psychologically complex individuals rather than as symbols has rarely been produced by writers who grew up under Soviet rule. This is true of most *samizdat* literature that has made its way to the West during the past two decades, including many of the towering works of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn. It is no denigration of Solzhenitsyn's stature to say that his writings do not and cannot by themselves constitute a total literature that equals the greatness of the Russian language and Russian literary traditions. There is a void in modern Russian literature—a void created by systematic attempts to destroy genuine culture. The gap is partly one of style and partly one of substance; Soviet concepts of "socialist realism" have left their aesthetic mark on many writers who oppose the political values of the regime.

Unfortunately, Maximov's novel does little to fill this void. It does not prove the author to be "one of the most important writers in the world today" (as Heinrich Böll has already hailed him). It is a minor novel of some political and literary interest despite its clumsy craftsmanship. It is a better book in Russian than in English, but that is true of nearly every piece of writing translated from the Russian. (The English-language edition was so much a collaborative effort that the publisher chose not to identify the translators. Anonymity for translators, singly or collectively, strikes me as undesirable; it lets everyone—including publishers—off the hook too easily.) In any event, *The Seven Days of Creation* displays many of the same strengths and weaknesses in both English and the original Russian.

The book has moments of poignant, subtle beauty. In one vignette, soldiers on their way to the front realize their vulnerability only when they make suggestive remarks to women by the roadside and are greeted with indulgent silence instead of tart retorts. Maximov's portrait of Antonina, the daughter of one of the novel's patriarchs, is an extraordinary accomplishment. Her sexuality, female tenderness, and moral strength develop in the crude company of free workers building a prison camp. Antonina is one of the most memorable and believable female characters to appear in the recent literature of any country.

But these parts do not add up to a whole novel. The book covers an immense amount of time in separate segments and flashbacks—the civil war after the Bolshevik Revolution, the Stalin purges of the Thirties, World War II, the post-Stalin period. It attempts to be an epic, moving from a cattle drive at the beginning of the war to an apartment courtyard in Moscow during the purges to a mental institution where non-conformist intellectuals are confined today. The time element and transitions, so important in a novel of this scope, are handled with an amateurishness that bewilders the reader. Dreams are used to facilitate flashbacks; preachy parables provide the periods to conversations. Some foreigners will see these parables as proof of the "truly Russian" qualities of the novel. Nonsense. Stories about men who get lost in the woods and who bravely try to find their way out even though they do not know the route are clichés in many cultures.

In one particularly inexplicable pas-

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"May I have my allowance in gold bullion?"

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sage, Maximov fictionalizes the austere preface to Anna Akhmatova's poem "Requiem" and turns it into an encounter in a line outside a prison between the poet and a shrewish woman who envies her dress. The use of this incident would be appropriate only in a *roman à clef*. Any educated Russian reader, and Americans who have read the recent translations of Akhmatova's poetry (*SR/W*, January 26, 1974), will recognize the incident immediately. Why would a novelist take the grandeur of a poet's description and twist it into a passage at once too banal and too pompous? What would a critic say about an American novelist with a fondness for Yeats who inserted a scene in which a man says to a woman, "Now that you're old and your hair is getting gray, think a little bit about what you used to look like and how crazy I was about you"?

It is extraordinarily difficult to criticize the writings of Russian dissenters who have paid so dearly for the right of free speech. But it is patronizing, and does no service to Russian literature, to hail every minor new work by a dissident as a successor to *The Brothers Karamazov* or *War and Peace*. □

New Books

The Witness and I

by O. Edmund Clubb
Columbia University Press, 314 pp., $9.95

O. Edmund Clubb had been a member of the U.S. Foreign Service for 22 years when he was appointed director of the State Department's Office of Chinese Affairs in July 1950. It was precisely at this time that the State Department and the Foreign Service were coming under attack from those who saw, in the loss of China to the Communists, evidence of high treason on the part of those who made and executed foreign policy. To be sure, it was not the loss of China alone that exercised congressmen, senators, and various politically ambitious members of investigating committees who saw traitors behind every failure of U.S. policy and every victory of communism. Mr. Clubb, who had reason to believe that his record of loyalty was impeccable, was served with a list of questions, allegations really, that required him to explain certain political attitudes he was supposed to have held over the years. It appeared that Whittaker Chambers had a recollection of Clubb visiting the offices of *New Masses* almost 20 years earlier and delivering a sealed envelope to one of the editors there. It was clearly alleged that the sealed envelope was a secret message. (The sealed envelope turned out to be a letter of introduction; the visit, a casual and meaningless one.) There were other charges as well, all of them more or less the vague sort that ruined so many lives during the McCarthy era. Mr. Clubb was suspended from his post as a security risk, though some months later the Loyalty Security Board cleared him, at which point he chose to retire. Clearance or not, the damage to morale and career was irreversible, Mr. Clubb believed. He has written a stinging, and often eloquent, memoir of those years and its effects, and to read these pages is to have the taste and feeling of that bitter time given back to one. Doubtless, too, it is a book to make one remember that there were worse periods in America than Watergate.

The Evening Colonnade

by Cyril Connolly
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 496 pp., $15

This collection of essays written over the last 10 years is, it turns out, the last publication in a long literary life. Mr. Connolly, editor of the British journal *Horizon*, author of *Enemies of Promise* and *The Unquiet Grave*, and a weekly reviewer for *The Sunday Times*, died in November 1974. The collection shows the Connolly style, the warmth, the lack of timorousness, the wide range of his mind. He could be a generous critic, but never a smarmy one. He wrote of his friends with affection, but he was primarily a critic, and so he wrote of them critically, with a cool, evaluating eye. Among the best in these essays are the portraits of George Orwell, his friend from their earliest days at St. Cyprians, and of Ezra Pound. In the first, Connolly doubts that Orwell ever understood what a quantity of words he had wasted on socialism, which, after all, had become respectable in the Britain of 1945. Orwell was a political animal. He could not, observes Connolly, blow his nose without moralizing on conditions in the handkerchief industry. It was this ruling passion that was the strength of Orwell's best work, but also the reason for some of his worst. It had to be, he concludes about Orwell, that there were too many words (though nothing he wrote was without value), too many arguments without action and politics without power. "My idea of Hell is a place where one is made to listen to everything one has ever said," Mr. Connolly opines.

The portrait of Pound is of a wholly different sort from the one of Orwell. The encounter with Pound is mysterious, rich in unspoken feeling (which is not

"I finished my report on the dynamics of collective survival in global depression. Now can I have my WIN button?"

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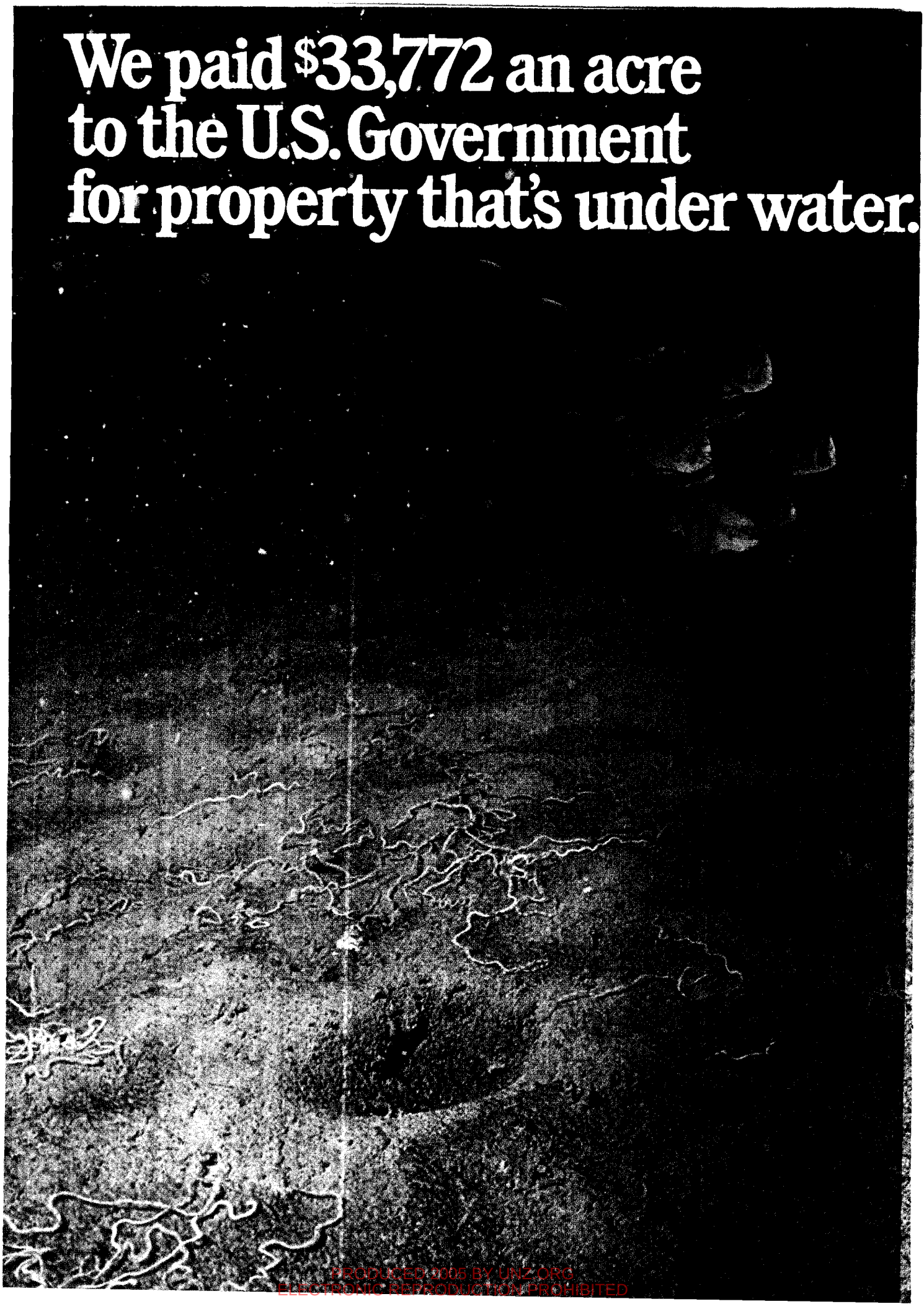
We paid $33,772 an acre to the U.S. Government for property that's under water.



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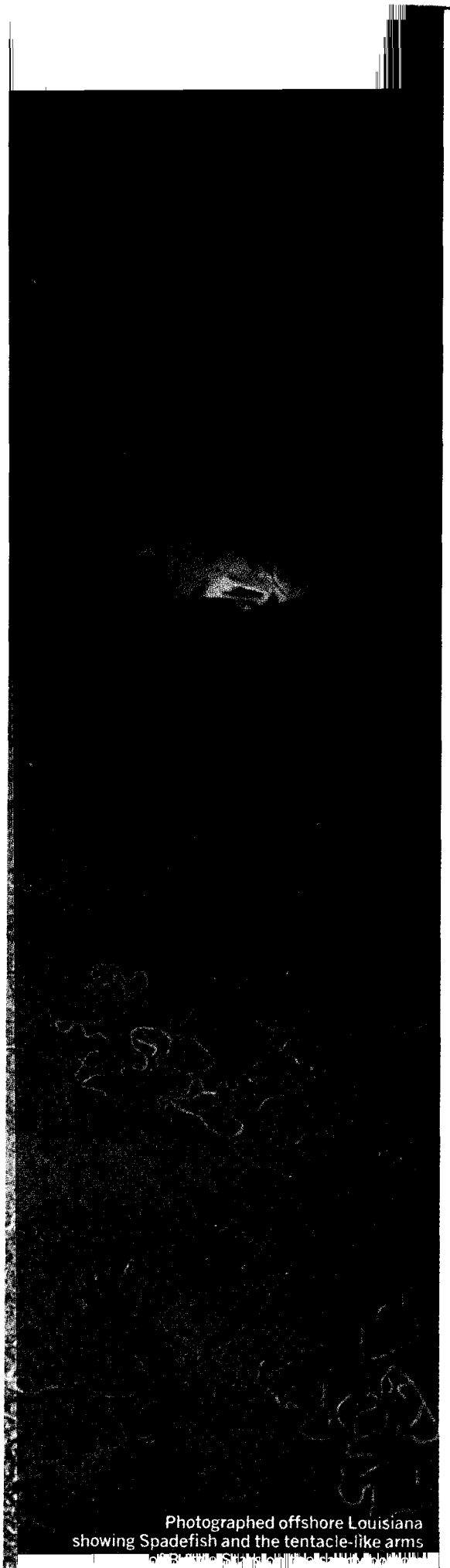

Photographed offshore Louisiana showing Spadefish and the tentacle-like arms

Photo by Jerry Greenberg ©1974

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altogether surprising, considering the fact that when Connolly visited him in Italy, Pound was almost totally silent). For pure coldness, there is a piece on Jean Genet, a quiet, cutting assault on meaningless rhetoric and violent posturings. Mr. Connolly's talents were prodigious. And not the least of those talents was his gift for writing English prose, for which contention these pieces are ample proof.

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The Clockwork Testament or Enderby's End

by Anthony Burgess
Knopf, 176 pp., $5.95

Mr. Burgess's Enderby, visiting professor of English at the University of Manhattan, comes to a tired and not unexpected end in an Upper West Side apartment, his heart given out at last, after the latest encounter with peril, the last round of gluttony. He has not been without his triumphs in a vulgar New York, a milieu full of foreigners, of black and brown hoodlums whose mere appearance in a subway car is enough to send tremors through him, of philistines who have never heard of Gerard Manley Hopkins but are happy to put together a movie called *The Wreck of the Deutschland*, because it is an opportunity to capitalize on a sensational idea. The idea of a film based on *The Wreck of the Deutschland* is in fact Enderby's, the fruit of a careless moment spent in the company of two filmmakers in Tangier. The product is a marvelously updated version of the 1875 *Wreck*, set in Nazi Germany during the Forties. It provides, for the edification of filmgoers in the Seventies, the spectacle of naked, orgasmic nuns, raped or about to be raped by Nazi storm troopers. The result of the film's wide success is that everywhere it has played, there are young savages, apparently inspired by the film, running about attacking nuns. Enderby is of course blamed for letting this contagion loose upon the world, just as Mr. Burgess was blamed for the brutality of *A Clockwork Orange*. But, argues the defiant Enderby, life does not imitate art—it is the other way around.

This novel is Mr. Burgess's answer to critics, and a very good novel it is, too, though not for its retort on such things as the artist's culpability or lack of it (with regard to socially harmful themes), about which Mr. Burgess is apt to get quite tendentious. Far better than any of this is his superb splenetic assault on the destruction of language. It is Burgess's perception—one not unique to him to be sure, but one so richly obsessive as to seem so—that it is the annihilation of the word that has brought us to the abyss in our time. There are flaws in this many-sided and vastly entertaining work. Mr. Burgess's choice of satiric objects (New York City, crime, the activist-student lunkheads, the surly black maids) is a bit fashionable, and taking on the host of a late-night television talk show is like shooting fish in a barrel. Yet, it is all immensely well done, properly merciless, and full of sour pleasures, among them Mr. Burgess's unfailing ear for the way in which the enemy talks.

•

Dostoevsky: His Life and Work

by Leonid Grossman
Translated by Mary Mackler
Bobbs-Merrill, 645 pp., $12.50

Leonid Grossman published an enormous body of criticism before his death in 1965. Yet, though Dostoevsky was the writer who most interested him, Grossman was, like other Soviet critics, committed to silence on the subject of Dostoevsky so long as Moscow's official attitude toward the author remained disapproving. Though acknowledged as an artist, Dostoevsky was regarded even in his time, before the revolution of 1917, as a conservative. Lenin and Gorky attacked him: Art and literature were nothing if they did not serve the masses, and clearly, so far as Lenin was concerned, Dostoevsky's reactionary work would not do to educate the masses. His novels were never banned, but they were little mentioned in schools in the Soviet Union and published only selectively, until the official attitude toward him began to relax somewhat in the Twenties and Thirties. It was not until the mid-Fifties, however, that Dostoevsky was adjudged wholly acceptable, despite the fact that he was not a believer in revolutionary socialism.

The ups and downs of Dostoevsky's standing accounts in great part for the fact that Grossman wrote nothing about him for 25 years. Nevertheless, the biography that finally came forth was worth waiting for, for it contains the fascinating testimony of Dostoevsky's widow, with whom Grossman had a number of interviews. There are unforgettably drawn scenes—of Dostoevsky losing everything at the gambling tables of Europe: wedding rings, his wife's earrings, their food money. It is a work thick with life, a detailed psychological and literary probing that serves both Dostoevsky studies and the art of biography very well.

DOROTHY RABINOWITZ

"Now read that back to me."

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Trade Winds

by William Cole

Fathers and Sons

Offhand I can think of only four father-and-son poetry teams. There's Allen Ginsburg and his father, who isn't really to be taken seriously as a poet. A century or so back there were the American light-verse poets Charles Edward and Guy Wetmore Carryl, who *were* to be taken seriously as poets. Then there was the Englishman Edward Davison, and his son, Peter, a contemporary American poet. But chief among the combinations is that of Roy Fuller and John Fuller. The father is one of the half-dozen most admired English poets; the son, John, is prolific, witty, and with-it. His first American book, *Poems & Epistles*, has just come out in a handsome edition from The Godine Press, which brings out the best-looking trade books in America. It has to be priced, alas, at $7.95. The epistles to English poet friends are long, intricate, and amusing. Great fun when understandable. Among the poems I found this charming "Lullaby":

Sleep little baby, clean as a nut,
Your fingers uncurl and your eyes are shut.
Your life was ours, which is with you.
Go on your journey. We go too.

The bat is flying round the house
Like an umbrella turned into a mouse.
The moon is astonished and so are the sheep:
Their bells have come to send you to sleep.

Oh be our rest, our hopeful start.
Turn your head to my beating heart.
Sleep little baby, clean as a nut,
Your fingers uncurl and your eyes are shut.

Overlord of the Underworld

"The public is a bunch of crumbs askin' to be taken," was the basic philosophy of Lucky Luciano, whose story, *The Last Testament of Lucky Luciano*, will be a huge best-seller when Little, Brown publishes it on February 19 at $10.00. The book is by Martin A. Gosch, a movie producer who taped the gangster's story, and Richard Hammer, a writer who put the story into shape. What a riveting read! Luciano was born in Sicily, came to the United States as a boy, and picked up his first money by charging his schoolmates a penny apiece for safe conduct to school. Later on, he became a petty thief, runner for a dope peddler, did a stretch in reform school, then hit the big time with bootlegging, followed by loan-sharking, protection, gambling, and you-name-it. He says—and, mind you, he's not under oath—that as a grown-up hood, he never messed with prostitution or dope. He got the nickname "Lucky" because fellow-gangsters took him for a ride and didn't *quite* kill him. He bought off entire police departments and, in varying degrees, Al Smith, Grover Whalen, William O'Dwyer, and, he says, Thomas E. Dewey. F.D.R. was apparently bought but refused to stay bought. The book is written in a straightforward, dispassionate manner, but some of the picturesque speech is worth recording: "Some of them guys could never see beyond a bowl of spaghetti. . . ." "So we met, and I found out he would steal a red-hot stove. . . ." ". . . got a memory like an elephant and a voice like a canary." ". . . it looked on the outside like they wasn't gettin' along too good, but under the table they was like two fingers together." News stories indicate that perhaps Messrs. Gosch and Hammer are taking us for a ride; maybe so, but an interesting and informative ride, by gosch!

Love-Hate

There is a type of Englishman who writes so well that *any*thing of his is exhilarating reading. Such a one is James Cameron (a Scotsman, really), who was for many years a top foreign correspondent, and he's got a book called *An Indian Summer* (McGraw-Hill, February 17, $7.95) that I hated to finish. There is probably no other country in the world I'd rather less visit than India, where people die of starvation in the gutters and women walk around with diamonds in their noses, and Mr. Cameron hasn't changed my mind. He says he loves the country, but then again, he's married to an Indian, and there may exist a certain amount of rationalization. Best to give the flavor by some quotes:

We took a hair-raising taxi ride into the city. The rush-hour traffic of Bombay is a nightmare—not from dementia, as in Tokyo, nor from exuberance, as in Rome; not from malice, as in Paris; it is a chaos rooted in years of practiced confusion, absent-mindedness, selfishness, inertia, and an incomplete understanding of mechanics. There are no discernible rules. The little Fiat cabs are old, but not as old as they appear; a few years of the Bombay free-for-all have aged them beyond their years. Our taxi's bumpers were tied on with wire; the steering-wheel had a play of about 50 degrees. It also appeared to be firing on about one-and-a-half cylinders, and the driver had difficulty in maintaining any revolutions. In consequence, when he achieved any momentum he was reluctant to lose it, so that we would always swerve rather than brake, with a steady obbligato on the horn.

* * *

It has always interested me that the Indian people, who can produce yogis and mystics capable of meditation for weeks on the precise nature and configuration of their own navels, can produce such huge numbers of people totally incapable of concentrating on anything whatever for 20 seconds at a time.

* * *

I cannot unhook myself from this maddening country; I have been trying too long not to love it. I shall probably leave my ashes here, among the rest, but before I do so I shall doubtless keep on nagging at a society that should have given the world so much, and has given so little. □

"Who knows? One day we may be praying to Allah."

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Jack Mitchell
The Pennsylvania Ballet—"It dances Balanchine ballets... even better than 'Mr. B.'s.'"

American Ballet: From Sea to Shining Sea

by Walter Terry

New York City has been called, with considerable justification, "The Dance Capital of the World." Indeed, it is possible to attend a dance event—often two or three or more—every day of the year. But it is not *the* "Dance World," any more than Washington, D.C., is *the* United States. The last 20 years, in fact, has witnessed a healthy decentralization of dance in America. The regional ballet movement, which got under way in 1956, has presided over the evolution of more than 200 ballet companies in our land (*SR/W*, November 20, 1973), and a dozen years ago a whopping, multi-million-dollar grant from the Ford Foundation boosted ballet not only in New York (for George Balanchine's New York City Ballet and School of American Ballet) but also outside Manhattan (for Balanchine-oriented groups).

The regional ballets are non-professional, but many set for themselves high standards and display a genuine concern for the fostering of fresh choreographic talent. Among the major non–New York professional ballet companies are the Pennsylvania Ballet (which was actually brought into being by the Ford grant), the Boston Ballet Company (which Ford money elevated from regional to professional status), the San Francisco Ballet (which is the oldest non–N.Y.C. professional company—superseding the older Atlanta Ballet, which reverted from brief professional to regional status and nearly folded two months ago because of lack of funds), and The National Ballet of Washington, D.C. (which *did* fold because of insufficient funds).

Of these big four, the best—at the moment—is the Pennsylvania Ballet, founded and directed (now with Benjamin Harkarvy as a co-director) by Barbara Weisberger. In its early days the Pennsylvania Ballet had repertory troubles—it still has problems in this area—and difficulties even with performing skills, but today it stands (or, rather, dances) right up there in the top ballet echelon. It dances Balanchine ballets superbly, even better than "Mr. B.'s" own New York City Ballet, and in the case of *Serenade* (Tchaikovsky), much closer to the way it was originally danced—that is, with romantic waves hovering over it and with gestures imbued with hints of drama. Today, the New York City Ballet does it more as an exercise.

Some young observers may possibly believe that Mrs. Weisberger has tampered with *Serenade*. To the contrary, she has restored it. I once wondered whether the Pennsylvania Ballet was worth the hundreds of thousands of dollars (and even millions) lavished on it. If the 1974 performances are the gauge, Mrs. Weisberger's efforts are indeed worthy of such major support.

The Boston Ballet Company has less money and is not quite so strong in all performing areas as the Pennsylvania Ballet, but under E. Virginia Williams it has grown into a major company with a splendid repertory of classics (*Coppélia* and *Giselle* among them), Balanchine ballets, and first-rate modern works (Talley Beatty's *The Road of the Phoebe Snow* is a fine example). With young dancers, such as the fiery and muscularly resilient Tony Catanzaro and the lovely Laura Young, lyrical yet never for an instant fuzzy in movements cleanly etched, Miss Williams continues to prove her sharpness in recognizing new talent, although she has her problems finding new choreographers.

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The San Francisco Ballet, founded as an opera ballet under Adolph Bolm, grew into a major American dance troupe, chiefly during the still-continuing reign of Lew Christensen (brother William heads Ballet West, the major ballet troupe of the Rocky Mountain states, and brother Harold long directed the San Francisco Ballet School). Last fall, with a deficit of a half-million dollars, the company was on the brink of disaster. The dancers, loyal and indomitable, took to dancing in the streets for coins. Their efforts attracted attention, and the company has been saved—for the moment.

The National Ballet (Washington, D.C.), despite the continuing generosity of its devoted patroness, Mrs. Jean Riddell, was forced to dissolve. Mrs. Riddell, an heiress, willingly sold some of her valuable possessions for further financing to keep this major company, co-directed by Frederic Franklin and Ben Stevenson, solvent; but there was insufficient outside funding to keep alive a troupe resident in the nation's capital, serving the nation through its long tours, showcasing brilliant dancers (Carmen Mathe and Kirk Peterson among them), and presenting a repertory that included the classics, new works by Mr. Stevenson (one of the few major young choreographers of our day), Balanchine ballets (including a superb *Prodigal Son*), significant revivals in new productions: Valerie Bettis's *A Streetcar Named Desire,* John Cranko's delicious *Jeu de Cartes* (Stravinsky), and *Water Study* and *The Shakers,* both masterworks by one of the greatest modern dance choreographers of the age, the late Doris Humphrey.

I find it not only unbelievable but also shocking that the nation's capital, the National Endowment for the Arts, the Ford Foundation, and the Rockefeller Foundation (which brought into being a new company, the Eliot Feld Ballet . . . but that's a story that I will review at a later date) would permit The National Ballet, a national resource, to die. Shocking indeed, is it not?

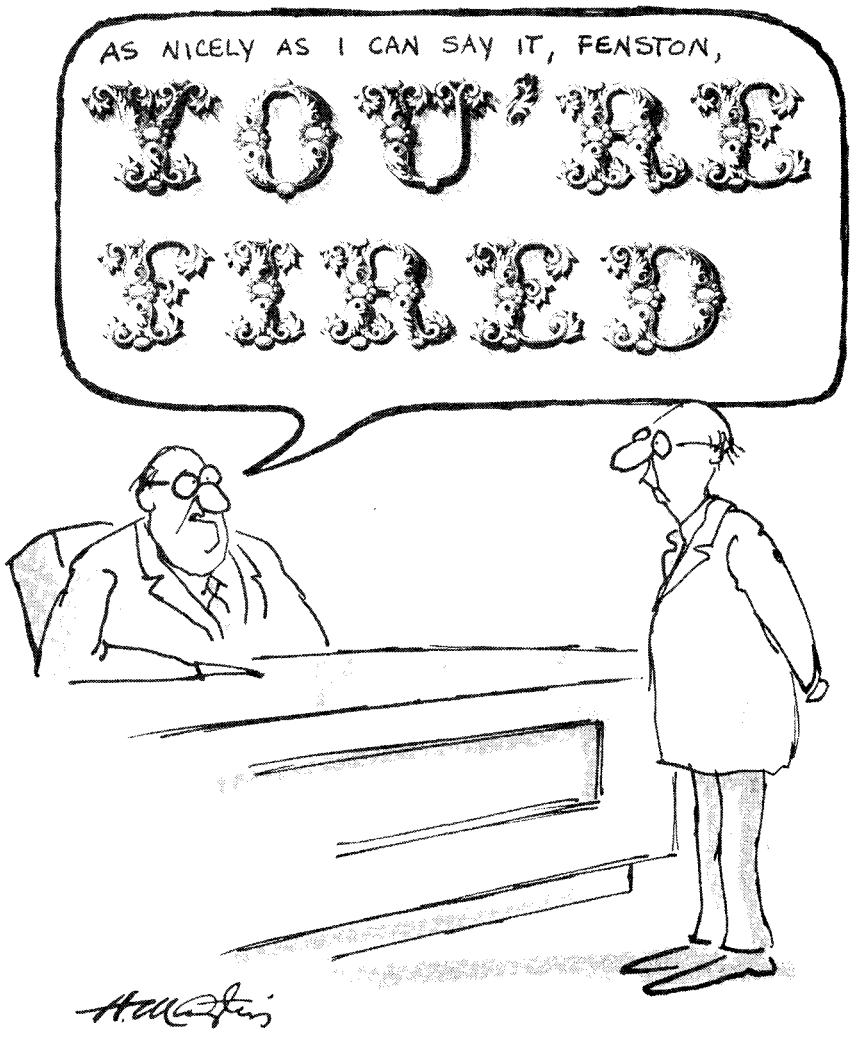
Ballet in Chicago without the internationally renowned Ruth Page is unthinkable. Miss Page, who made her Chicago debut as a child dancer in 1919, has been loyal to her city during the years through her own companies and schools and in association with others. Her newly reconstituted Chicago Ballet, with Ben Stevenson as her artistic director, has brand-new headquarters in the Ruth Page Foundation Building and a repertory that not only presents works by Miss Page herself (including the program-long *Alice in Wonderland*, based on the Lewis Carroll books), Stevenson, and Sir Frederick Ashton but also *When Summoned,* by a major young modern dance choreographer, Bill Evans, formerly of Utah's Repertory Dance Theatre and now associated with another professional modern dance group, the Fairmont Dance Theatre of Cleveland.

The Hartford Ballet Company, co-directed by Michael Uthoff and Enid Lynn, is a chamber-size troupe, but it is first-rate. I've seen it on several occasions and found myself responding with vigorous kinesthetic enthusiasm to the forceful, yet controlled, energies that the young dancers pour into modern-dance pieces by José Limón or by Doris Humphrey and into Uthoff's almost savage but cleanly delineated Mayan ritual-ballet, *Cantata* (to music of Ginastera), and in modest classical pieces that neither demand too much nor challenge too little.

David McLain's Cincinnati Ballet Company I've reviewed in these columns before, noting especially that it has done great service to dance by rescuing, restoring, and producing major works by the late Lester Horton, the West Coast's modern dance pioneer.

Many of our big ballet companies have "junior" or "youth" groups, which are small enough to perform in almost any size theater, which provide experience to young professionals making the transition from classroom and studio to the parent companies, and which foster new choreographic talent. Joffrey II, described as "A New Youth Dance Ensemble" and directed by Jonathan Watts, is the handsome offspring of the City Center Joffrey Ballet, which has just returned from a triumphant tour of the Soviet Union. (The American Ballet Theatre and the New York City Ballet are among the other world-famous troupes that send out units smaller than themselves.)

I attended a performance of Joffrey II in Red Bank, N.J. The youngsters danced well in a variety of assignments,



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but I was especially impressed, as were the audiences and regional newspaper reporters, with a new ballet called *Rush* (to music of Poulenc) especially choreographed for the dancers by Stuart Sebastian, an immensely gifted young choreographer (just turned 24), who had previously proved his choreographic worth on the regional ballet level with Ohio's Dayton Ballet Company (his alma mater) and the Flint Ballet Theatre of Michigan. He has been re-engaged by Joffrey and newly engaged by the Hartford Ballet. Watch him. Fine performing talent is abundant; choreographic talent is rare.

And, to point to the immeasurable worth of non–New York City ballet enterprises, one may use young Sebastian as an example, for as a child and teenager he was trained in one of our finest regional ballet groups, the Dayton Ballet (directed by Josephine and Hermene Schwarz); moved on to perform with the Harkness Youth Dancers; joined The National Ballet in Washington, D.C., where he rose to the rank of principal; and now, combining university studies with teaching at Mary Day's Washington School of Ballet, he is heading for a choreographer's career in the major leagues. Other American boys and girls of special talents have, and will, come from all regions of the United States—from Main Streets and not exclusively from Broadway. □

CAPSULE COMMENTS

In the **City Center Joffrey Ballet**'s fall season, Gerald Arpino's *The Relativity of Icarus*, a duet for near-nude youths augmented by a virtuosa in orbit about them, was vulgar, pretentious claptrap redeemed only by Rouben Ter-Arutunian's brilliant setting of a spaceship on an outer-space platform. In a company that eschews stars, Rebecca Wright is emerging as a ballerina—that is, a performer with personal impact, personal style, and presence as well as technique. And Burton Taylor, beginning to shed his blandness, may well turn into a *danseur*. Sir Frederick Ashton's *Monotones* (Satie), newly added to the Joffrey repertory, is the epitome of what we mean by "pure" dance. The company itself? Lovely!

Mummenschanz, the Swiss Mime Theater, is not strictly dance, but its movement inventions, combined with masks and props that are surprisingly simple (you could make them yourself) but employed with brilliant ingenuity, make for entertainment that would delight anyone from the diaper generation to the dowager with her diadem.

The American Ballet Theatre's new star, Mikhail Baryshnikov, the most recent dance defector from the Soviet Union, is a remarkable artist—not only a dazzling virtuoso but also an impeccable stylist—one whose personal verve and physical prowess never coarsen the linear elegance, the aristocratic deportment, of classical ballet. Gelsey Kirkland, who defected from Balanchine's New York City Ballet in order to become Baryshnikov's favorite partner, is another major American Ballet Theatre acquisition. She has been a fascinating dancer for some seasons, but now, released from the New York City Ballet's impersonal performing requirements, she has become a stage personality—yes, a ballerina.

Rudolf Nureyev, the U.S.S.R.'s most celebrated defector, is inexhaustible or perhaps desperate to dance as much as he can while he can; so he can be found dancing almost anywhere. And whether he is dancing barefoot with Paul Taylor's modern dancers or dancing shod with the slippers of the *danseur noble*, he remains a titan among today's dancing gods.

Agnes de Mille's **Heritage Dance Theatre** is an American answer to the U.S.S.R.'s famed, folkloric Moiseyev Dance Company, and Miss de Mille's "Conversations About the Dance," a lecture-demonstration employing some members of the Heritage group, is a wonderfully theatrical answer to whatever questions we may have about our own dance heritage. "Conversations" is not simply instructional, although one learns a great deal painlessly; rather, it is a rousing and unique *pas de deux*, co-starring the wittiest of today's dance leaders, Miss de Mille, and the second oldest profession, the dance.

The José Limón Dance Company, the first modern dance troupe to survive the passing of its founder-director-choreographer-star, is very much alive under the direction of Ruth Currier. In New York and on the road, it performs with vigor and the exhilarating freshness of new performers giving new interpretations to great roles in a repertory choreographed over the years by Limón. Soon it will be adding more Doris Humphrey masterpieces to its offerings.

The Royal Swedish Ballet in its U.S. debut was thoroughly sabotaged by its sponsor, Hurok Concerts. James Moore, the American director of the Royal Swedes, told me that Hurok officers had insisted the troupe bring its full-length *Swan Lake* and divertissements from *The Sleeping Beauty*—both requiring superstars, both overdone—and the result was near disaster for a fine company that excels in its unique court ballets from Drottningholm, in a Swedish folk version of *The Prodigal Son*, in Jerome Robbins's *Les Noces*, in Leonide Massine's *Le Sacre du printemps*, and in other specialties. Hurok Concerts would not let the Swedes bring their matchless smorgasbord but insisted on imitation ballet borscht. Earier in the year, Columbia Artists Management was equally guilty in sabotaging its presentation of the Norwegian National Ballet, for the same reasons, as well as inexcusable rehearsal skimping.

The New York City Ballet's new *Coppélia* production is a delight in those scenes that were staged by Alexandra Danilova in the tradition of this great comedy classic, in which she was once the definitive interpreter of the role of Swanilda, the mischievous heroine. The new presentation falters badly when George Balanchine attempts drastic changes in the first act's mazurka and czardas and in almost all of the third act, where his new variations miss the lilt, the bounce, the jollity, and, yes, the *schmaltz* of the old version. In fact, the new figure of Prayer looks for all the world like the head chorine at a Las Vegas nightspot. Ter-Arutunian's designs for the last act, reminiscent of the sugary *Nutcracker*, are totally inappropriate to this bright, Hungarian-spiced ballet. But elsewhere with the New York City Ballet, you'll find some Balanchine masterpieces, some fine performing, and, in young Colleen Neary, an exuberant dancer who alone is worth the price of admission.

Pilar Rioja, if listed anywhere, must be seen! Veteran Spanish-dance followers tell me there has been no one like her since La Argentina (not the later great Argentinita). She is not all gypsy—the current trend in Spanish dance—but although her flamenco and gypsy-flavored dances are brilliant, she is also a superb classicist. Her dances, spanning a glorious swath of Spanish-dance expressivity, are performed in conjunction with a challenging, stirring text (in Spanish), an essay on the mystery of *duende*, by Federico García Lorca.

Stars of the Bolshoi Ballet brought to us Maya Plisetskaya's incomparable art—beauty of line, mesmeric presence, glorious individuality—in excerpts from *Swan Lake*, in her unforgettable *The Dying Swan*, and in a new work created especially for her by Roland Petit, *La Rose malade*, in which, partnered by the Nordic-hero-like Aleksandr Godunov, she created an identity (not through imitation) with the ephemeral life-span of a fragrant, tremulous flower. If hopes are realized, we will see her again when the Bolshoi Ballet itself returns to the United States next summer. W.T.

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Seeing Things

by Hollis Alpert

Will the Real Alice Please Stand Up?

Women aren't getting their fair shake in movies, according to a plaint heard often lately. True enough, most of the important stars are men, and that means the big roles are being written for men, even when women write them. The dominant directors are men, too, and the male stranglehold extends from the top management level through the various guilds and craft unions. Embattled women critics point bitterly to the prevalence of female stereotypes in past and current films. They are still being portrayed primarily as sex objects, over- or under-glamorized, or as mere appendages in male milieus. And what they are asking for, I gather, are *real* women.

In *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore*, the young and talented director Martin Scorsese (his last was *Mean Streets*) has made an attempt to rectify the situation. He gives us a woman, portrayed with sympathy and genuineness by the accomplished Ellen Burstyn, whose attempt to cope after the accidental death of her husband of 15 years involves her in a series of pathetic and amusing adventures. The script was written by a man (Robert Getchell), but Scorsese employed several women in such important capacities as film editor, associate producer, art director, and script supervisor. Strangely though, the story, as it develops, seems to again run counter to current liberationist preferences. Despite her individuality, Alice tends to confirm the prevalent female stereotype: that when a woman is left to her own devices, she's still pretty much at a loss without a strong male hand to guide her into safe shelter.

This doesn't make the film a failure by any means. It is Alice who fails to emerge as a figure of significance. She is warmhearted, attractively mid-thirtyish, sensitive, and strongly devoted to her precocious 12-year-old son. Her trouble lies in her unrealistic assessment of who she is and where her capabilities lie. Before her marriage, she was a café singer in Monterey, Calif. She wants to resume that career; yet her singing (Burstyn's own undubbed voice is used) wouldn't get her past an audition for an amateur show. Nevertheless, she sells her household belongings in a yard sale and takes to the road with her son, and heads back for Monterey. Along the way, she looks for jobs as a singer in Arizona bars. Before long, she's reduced to waiting on tables in a Tucson luncheonette.

After a brief affair with a young man who turns out to be not only married but a sadist, too (a frighteningly vivid performance by Harvey Keitel), things look up for her when she meets a local rancher (Kris Kristofferson) who wants her and the son to settle down with him. Love and a sense of reality at last triumph, and when we leave, Alice is coming to terms with herself and her need for a man. Not exactly a message that today's progressive womanhood will appreciate.

Scorsese has a canny eye for detail and character. He takes us into cheap motels, dim and depressing bars, a hectically busy luncheonette. We meet a cigar-chomping bar owner with a kindly streak, a bawdy-mouthed waitress with a big heart, a short-order cook trying to keep the emotional problems of his waitresses from destroying his business. But in giving us slices of life, as Alice encounters them, the dramatic impact is lessened.

On the other hand, the film does provide a fine actress with the opportunity to bite into a fairly meaty role. Ellen Burstyn is allowed a wide range of womanly emotions. I use the word *womanly* purposely, because Alice, as she's conceived, simply isn't up to the demands of a life lived freely and on an equal basis with the men she encounters. She is, in effect, a waif with responsibilities (the spoiled son, particularly), which she's at a loss how to handle. Luckily she's rescued, whether she admits it or not, by a man with sterling qualities.

So, *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore* doesn't advance the cause, so to speak, much beyond the films of the Fifties and early Sixties. I was hoping to see—and had been led to believe I would by advance reports—a film that showed a woman breaking free from traditional restraints and making it on her own. Not so. The basic problem is that Alice, although she's changed her place of residence, is still living in the same place. □

FILM NOTES

The Godfather, Part II. Francis Ford Coppola, in total command of this three-hour-and-twenty-minute addition to the Corleone saga, carries the story both forward and backward. In fact, there are two stories, one involving Vito Corleone, the original godfather, as a young man, and the other taking place in 1958, with son Michael as the godfather, Vito having passed away. Robert De Niro supplants Marlon Brando (the godfather of Part I) and achieves the same whispery, gravelly voice without the use of cotton wadding in the cheeks. He is quite splendid, as is Al Pacino, the inheritor of Vito's enterprises. Not quite as compelling as the first film, perhaps because of the split-level construction of the script, this is nevertheless fine filmmaking, with powerful scenes that reveal the tribal nature of the transplanted Sicilian clan. Lee Strasberg appears in a showpiece role as Hyman Roth, a character bearing a more than coincidental resemblance to Meyer Lansky. By film's end few Corleones are still alive. However, Michael's young son figures to be of age in a couple of years. Look, then, for Part III.
Young Frankenstein. Mel Brooks is a humorous fellow with a sense of proportion. He has updated the Frankenstein story, while keeping it in the style of the Thirties films, made the monster more lovable than frightening (in the end he turns into an intellectual), and with the valuable cooperation of Gene Wilder, Peter Boyle, Marty Feldman, Madeleine Kahn, Cloris Leachman, and Gene Hackman, has come up with, this time out, what I am constrained to declare a comic masterpiece.
The Towering Inferno. In San Francisco, according to this blazing spectacle, there is an office-apartment building 138 stories tall. A party is held to inaugurate its completion, but there are flaws in the wiring and safety devices, and a fire erupts. For 138 stories that's a lot of fire, and with several hundred people trapped and scores of firemen attempting to control the conflagration, there's bound to be a lot of excitement. Irwin Allen, the producer and guiding genius of this film and the previous *The Poseidon Adventure*, has piled on the palpitations and the thrills. Paul Newman is on hand, as the fellow who designed the building, and so is Steve McQueen, as the heroic fire chief. It took two novels, two studios (Fox and Warner's), four camera crews, two directors, and a dozen or so stars (William Holden, Faye Dunaway, Fred Astaire, Jennifer Jones, et al.) to achieve this scary epic. For the kind of thing it is, it's not bad at all. Now, let's see—what other disasters are around to tackle? Besides war, that is, which has been overdone.

H.A.

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Music to My Ears

by Irving Kolodin

The All-Moussorgsky "Boris"—Ligeti, Carter

Any time an event that has been 60 years in the making occurs in the world of the arts, it tends to overshadow other happenings. The long-awaited event was the Metropolitan Opera's first new production (ever) of Moussorgsky's *Boris Godunov*. (Its predecessor, in use since 1913, had seen previous service in Paris.) It brought with it the first hearing in New York of the score as Moussorgsky wrote it, with every performable part of the great score included (in the correct order).

This was much to bring about. It has taken three Met administrations to bring to a premiere a project that began with Rudolf Bing, was passed on to Goran Gentele, and now has been realized by Schuyler Chapin with a range of talent in its many roles that merits a mass accolade.

Essentially it is a triumph for conductor Thomas Schippers. His task—even more difficult than rehearsing a cast, chorus, and orchestra in a work they had not previously performed—was to re-indoctrinate them in a work they had performed countless times before but always with some editorial alterations between Moussorgsky's mind and the listener's ear—alterations by Rimsky-Korsakov, Karol Rathaus, Dimitri Shostakovitch. Schippers not only saw this task through but also wove into the score two scenes (one in St. Basil's Square, the other in the forest of Kromy) seldom heard before in the same production. To cap it all, the production ended, not with the death of Boris (as some "effect"-minded producers have preferred), but with Moussorgsky's vision of more agony to come over the centuries as the Simpleton bewails the fate of the "poor, starving Russian folk."

Even the advent of so good a Boris as the six-foot, seven-inch Martti Talvela could not preempt the priority due the innovative use of Moussorgsky's own orchestral colorations (amended only by Schippers's measured judgment that here and there a bit of doubling would add to audibility). This introduction was, in a way, a fulfillment of Rimsky-Korsakov's own response when he was censured, even reviled, for pulling together Moussorgsky's pages and publishing his own version of the score in the 1890s. After all, he had only expended precious months of his life putting his friend's best work into the form in which it became a world favorite. And he had only said to his critics (in his memoirs) that he had not destroyed the original *Boris*—that is, painted out the old frescoes forever—adding, "If ever the conclusion is arrived at that the original is better, worthier than my revision—mine will be discarded and *Boris*

J. Heffernan

Talvela—Monumental grandeur.

Fresh Faces and First Encounters

Instrumental

Chopin: Ilana Vered Plays Chopin (London). In her first solo recital for Phase 4, Ilana Vered performs with the zest, the freshness of feeling, and the sense of structure that have commended her in other circumstances. She tends to stretch metric dimensions (by excessive *rubato* and *ritards*), a tendency in need of closer control.

Liszt: Hexaméron, Trois Transcriptions (EMI-Pathé). Argentine-born Sylvia Kersenbaum is clearly a performer not only of considerable technical skill, but—more importantly—of independent mind and individual impulse. "Hexaméron" is well known to pianists as containing not only variations by Liszt on a march from Bellini's *I Puritani* but also others by Thalberg, Czerny, and Chopin. Miss Kersenbaum adapts herself resourcefully to the requirements of all and of those contained in the overside variations by Liszt on excerpts from Wagner's *The Flying Dutchman* and the Polonaise from Tchaikovsky's *Eugène Onéguine* (as it is billed). The recording is distributed in the United States by Peters International.

Rodrigo: Concierto de Aranjuez (Angel). Well known as it is in its original form for guitar and orchestra, the Concierto de Aranjuez has acquired a new identity in the transformation made by the composer himself for harpist Nicanor Zabaleta, his good friend. Some fine points are better served by the guitar, but many others are finely served by Zabaleta's masterly command of the larger instrument's resources. With it is an arrangement by Zabaleta of a G-minor concerto by Elias Parish-Alvars, a mid-nineteenth-century English-Portuguese composer, who was not quite a Vieuxtemps or Wieniawski of the harp. Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos conducts the Spanish National Orchestra.

Tchaikovsky: Concerto No. 1 (RCA). Tedd Joselson is no ordinary (Madison Square) garden-variety of pianistic showoff, but a young man with a fine flair for generating excitement in what he performs and with the technical means for bringing it off. He could profit from a more responsive performance of the orchestra than that provided by Eugene Ormandy and his Philadelphians, but his kind of pianistic prowess and personal projection tell their own story of future promise in the Tchaikovsky concerto and the Prokofiev No. 2 with which it is associated.

Opera

Schoenberg: Moses and Aaron (Philips). The qualifications of conductor Michael Gielen to be considered the lineal successor to the late Hans Rosbaud, as the master of the intricate, the complex, and the all-but-impossible to perform, are confirmed in this scrupulously musical, fine-sounding version of a work whose only prior recording was by Rosbaud himself. It is an effort by the many talents employed that adds enormously to the comprehension of Schoenberg's extraordinary evocation of the subject to which he addressed himself. Begun in 1931, it remained unfinished at Schoenberg's death more than 20 years later, a mute suggestion, perhaps, that the Promised Land was to remain perpetually a promise. Now, with a score in hand (or the accompanying brochure), it can—after the first 20 pages of overlapping speech—be readily followed, from the entrance of Aaron to the appearance of the burning bush. Louis Devos is an exemplary Aaron, Günter

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Godunov will be performed according to the original score."

Now that we have had *Boris* plain as well as *Boris* fancy, it is by no means a "conclusion" that the original is "better, worthier" than Rimsky-Korsakov's. After their first exposure to Moussorgsky's drabber, less-colorful instrumentation, more than a few people, indoctrinated in Rimsky-Korsakov's treatment of the coronation scene or Varlaam's ballade ("The Town of Kazan") or the polonaise, could be heard wishing for his peerless hand at tonal retouching.

To MY OWN immediate taste, the less-glowing sound of the coronation, of the plainer, even drab treatment of the riotous ballade, of the duller colors of the polonaise, had one abiding virtue—it kept everything to a congruent palette throughout. Certainly the darker, less-vibrant background Moussorgsky imagined for the death scene set off the choked, faltering inflections of the bass voice better than does the plusher texture provided by Rimsky-Korsakov.

Talvela's bass voice is perhaps the richest to be heard in this music since Alexander Kipnis was projecting his brooding czar. Now approaching 40, Talvela was a schoolteacher in Finland before the claims of his massive sound and staggering size made a singing career mandatory. Following his American debut in 1968 in a performance of Verdi's *Requiem,* directed by the late George Szell, he was heard as a recitalist

Reich equally good in the spoken part of Moses. But, essentially, it is a brilliant ensemble accomplishment for the orchestra and chorus of the Austrian Radio, which Gielen holds together like performers in a Mozart opera. Superbly clear sound.

Orchestral

Bach: J.C.F. Seven Symphonies (Nonesuch). This Bach (whose initials stand for Johann Christoph Friedrich) might be described as Johann Sebastian's opus 19—the last but one of the great cantor's 20 children. A court musician who spent much of his life in the north of Germany, J.C.F.'s three- and four-movement works fly the family house flag. It is inscribed with such words as "sturdy," "artistic," "adventurous in mind and spirit." The seven works are representative of the beginning and end of his compositional career, and well represented thanks to the quality of results achieved by Helmut Müller-Brühl from the Cologne Chamber Orchestra.

Vocal

Yuri Mazurok: Arias by Tchaikovsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, Rachmaninov, Mozart, Verdi, and Leoncavallo (Melodiya/Columbia). This excellent Russian baritone has previously been heard on Bolshoi recordings of complete operas (*Eugene Onegin,* among others) but not as a soloist. The rich, pliant sound is very well suited to the excerpts from *Mazeppa* (Tchaikovsky), *Sadko* (Rimsky-Korsakov), and *Aleko* (Rachmaninov), but the *Don Giovanni* (Mozart), *Un Ballo in Maschera* (Verdi), and *Pagliacci* (Leoncavallo) material present other criteria and lesser suitability for them.

Leontyne Price Sings Richard Strauss (RCA). The effort of Miss Price to find a new frame for her vocal personality is certainly commendable, but it is doubtful that it is the one bearing the name of Richard Strauss. She is not lacking in voice for the excerpts from *Die Frau ohne Schatten, Der Rosenkavalier,* and *Guntram,* but she demonstrates very little identity with the style, the atmosphere, the inner emotions of the characters being portrayed. Of The Four Last Songs, "September" and "Beim Schlafengehen" are beautifully sung; the others, too operatically. Erich Leinsdorf directs the superbly sonorous collaboration by the New Philharmonia Orchestra.

Miscellaneous

Rachel Faro: Refugees (RCA). A graduate of the Baez-Dylan school of pop, Rachel Faro gives high promise of bringing honor to the old alma mater. She can write the "inspirational" song ("Refugees") or the jolly folkish variety ("Numerology") and sing both equally well. Arranger John Simon has soundly judged her quality in blending a solid beat with acoustic guitar, dulcimer, tabla, congas, and more conventional instruments. A quality product.

Dana Gillespie: Ain't Gonna Play No Second Fiddle (RCA). Dana Gillespie (well known to clients of Reno Sweeney's, on the fringe of New York's Greenwich Village) writes most of the songs she performs. Like some other such self-providers, she is a better writer than a singer. Q.E.D.: She should write more and sing less.

Spooky Tooth: The Mirror (Island). This group puts it all together in a special sense: All the material is written in part or in whole by members of the five-man ensemble; they perform their own backgrounds on instruments ranging from Moog synthesizer to clavinet; and much of it makes sense. I.K.

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in a scattering of other roles. He has been singing Boris publicly for only two or so years (San Francisco heard him in 1973), but he is now monarch of all he surveys, heir-apparent to the orb and scepter of an office nobly served by such predecessors as Chaliapin, Kipnis, Baklanoff, Pinza, and the more recent Christoff, London, Hines, Siepi, Tozzi, and Ghiaurov.

Talvela would be a standout anywhere in *Boris* at any time, but he is a figure of particular influence in the Met's first venture with a production sung in Russian. He strikes a note of authenticity in his treatment of the text, of grandeur and of grievous guilt on a monumental scale, that set a very high level for all the others in a mostly American cast. But he is also a tender father to his children, a Boris capable of looking the Simpleton (a part extremely well done by Andrea Velis) straight in the eye when, with idiot sincerity, he scorns him as a "Tsarist Herod" for seizing power by murder.

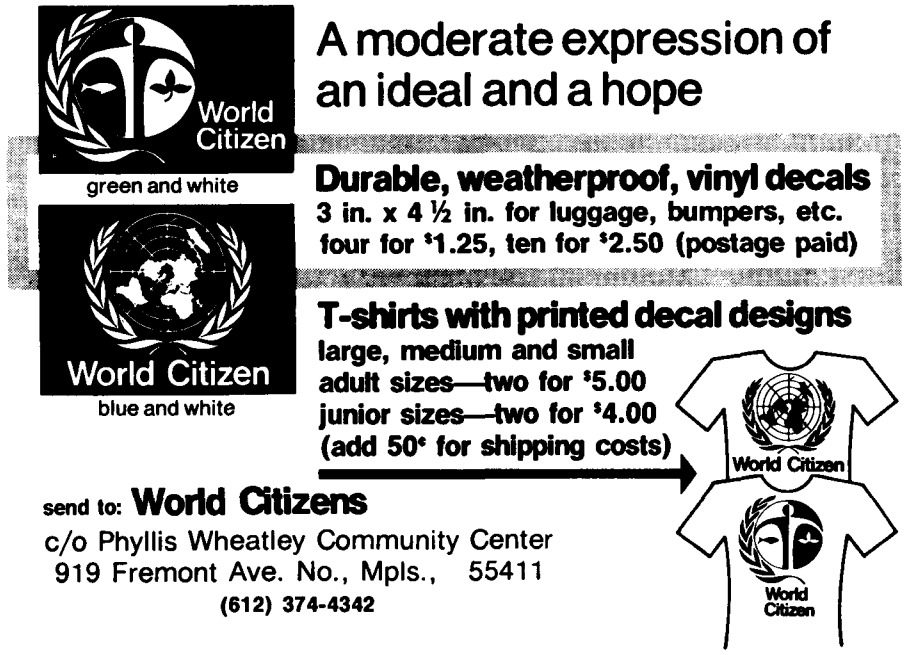
Talvela will undoubtedly improve with age and should reign much longer than did the character he portrays. Indeed, when he is no longer able—by weight of years—to employ such gaudy theatrics as pulling down door drapes in simulated terror (in the clock scene) or rolling down a flight of stairs (as he did in the death scene), he will be a greater artist than he is today.

In a production of less-musical virtue, first priority could go to Ming Cho Lee's splendid succession of stage designs (more suitable to the high-living Godunovs and their co-equals in Poland's Sandomir Castle than to the masses begging for bread in their tailor-made rags), especially the Kremlin Council Chamber, in which Boris plays out his dying minutes. August Everding's direction of the crowd scenes was consistently resourceful, his treatment of individual action less so.

Thus Paul Plishka was a perfect embodiment of the scholarly monk Pimenn, as Donald Gramm was of the non-scholarly wino Varlaam. But Harry Theyard was equipped with little more than a beautiful high tenor voice and a youthful appearance for the complex role of the seminarian who becomes the pretender to Boris's throne, and Mignon Dunn sang much better than she was directed as the Marina who aspired to become Russia's Tsarina. In similar opposition was Robert Nagy as a wily schemer of a Schuisky, and Batyah Godfrey as an awkward, vocally non-persuasive innkeeper. Taken all together, however, this is a *Boris* to which you can take any foreign visitor with little fear of odious comparison—except, perhaps, a Russian: And even he could not question the authenticity of George Balanchine's choreography for the polonaise.

SURROUNDING THE PREPARATION and advent of this major innovation was a series of others worthy of mention. Of particular quality was Gyorgi Ligeti's "Double Concerto for Flute, Oboe, and Orchestra" in Juilliard's "Twentieth Century Music Series" under the direction of Richard Duffalo. The new work of the Hungarian avant-gardist is in two movements: the first, slow and sustained; the second, more animated, with wave-like undulations. The tonal textures of the 25 or so instruments vary but minutely from one chord formation to the next: It is the rarefied skill with which Ligeti accomplishes these shimmering readjustments that makes the experience unique and ear-filling. Nadine Asin (who played bass, alto, and normal, "soprano" flute) and George Paradise, oboe, were the excellent student soloists.

Of somewhat related, but polar, artistry—what might be called "music for musicians' sake"—is Elliott Carter's "Brass Quintet," introduced at a concert in the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center's Alice Tully Hall series. Commissioned by the American Brass Quintet and written to its measure (two trumpets, tenor and bass trombone, and French horn), it is a further exploration by Carter into his favorite form: internal, tonal conversation among the players. It is a free-wheeling, enormously ingenious form of sonorous symposium in which each instrument challenges the others to outdo its own feats of virtuosity. The 15-minute workout (which the quintet dispatched with impressive ease) ends with a quietly harmonious expression of mutual respect, a witty reminder to the listener that Carter has not forgotten his interests either. □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Answer to *Literary Crypt No. 25* (see page 8): As a general rule, nobody has money who ought to have it.

Benjamin Disraeli

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Digital Tuners: Threading FM Through a Needle's Eye

by Ivan Berger

FM tuners are beginning to resemble calculators, with numbers that light up to indicate what station is tuned in. But more significantly, they're beginning to work like calculators, too, with digital-logic circuits taking the place of conventional circuits that have been used, in the same basic form, since long before FM itself was invented.

The most visible application of digital technology is the numerical station readout, which makes it easier to tell whether you're tuned to 98.3 or 98.5 megahertz, even from across the room. But, easy as it is to tell just what station you've tuned in, digital readouts don't tell how well you've tuned it. Depending on the tuner's other circuits, you could be tuned to the edge of the station's signal, hearing it with noise, distortion, limited-frequency response, and little stereo separation. You could even be well into the gap between the indicated station and the next one.

A tuner's problems only start with finding one station in the jumbled haystack of signals coming through the air. Once the tuner finds the station, it must encircle that signal as snugly as a needle does its thread, passing all of the desired signal while not admitting the signals of other stations. If the station (whose channel is 200 kilohertz wide—0.2 megahertz on the FM tuning dial) is tuned in off-center, noise and distortion increase. A tuning error of just 0.1 percent of the station's frequency would add distortion of about 1 percent or more to the sound; a 1 percent tuning error would put you nearly five channels away from your target station.

Tuning accuracy can be increased through the use of automatic-frequency-control (AFC) circuits, which nudge the tuner toward the center of the channel, and meters, which measure how well centered the station is. But the ideal would be a tuner that, instead of scanning all the frequencies in the FM band, jumps from one precise station frequency to the next.

Digital circuitry moves in just such discrete jumps; and with its aid, just such tuners are now with us: the Heathkit AJ-1510, H. H. Scott T33F, and Revox A720 (which have digital readout as well), and the new Kenwood 700-T (which has a conventional tuning dial).

But to understand how to make a tuner jump, you must first know how it tunes. Early radio-input circuits had to be tuned through the radio bands, trying to find a station they could pick up, a technique akin to corralling a stationary thread with a moving needle's eye—harder, in fact, because the electronic "eye" would be less sensitive at some points on the dial than at others.

Modern tuners shift the station frequency, instead, until it matches the sensitive opening into the tuner's later circuits—moving, in other words, the thread into the needle's eye. (Ask anyone who sews if that's not easier.) That "eye," in modern FM sets, is fixed at 10.7 megahertz, far below the actual station frequencies. But the tuner generates another signal whose frequency changes as you turn the dial but is always 10.7 MHz above some point within the FM band.

The tuner constantly compares the frequencies of its received and internally generated signals, subtracting the higher frequency from the lower. When the internal tuning signal's frequency is 10.7 MHz higher than that of a station within listening range, the resulting difference signal slips neatly through the tuner's 10.7 MHz "eye" and on to the tuner's other circuits. But if the tuning signal should be 10.71 MHz above the station, it will be mistuned and, accordingly, sound harsh.

So the trick is to jump the tuning signal 200 kHz at a time, between only those frequencies that are exactly 10.70 MHz above the frequencies where stations can be found. In true digital tuners this is done by "frequency synthesis": A quartz-controlled reference oscillator (like that in an electronic watch) puts out a precisely regulated, fixed-frequency signal whose output can be divided digitally down to 100 kHz. Then another digital circuit can compare this frequency with the tuning signal's. If the tuning signal is a precise, odd multiple of 100 kHz (or an even multiple for European FM stations), then the tuner is ready to receive a station. If the tuning signal is not the correct multiple of the reference frequency (as it won't be, if the tuner is off-station), the comparator sends a corrective control signal to the tuning oscillator.

Now, as you turn the tuning knob, the oscillator tries to shift frequency but can't, because the comparator won't let it—until you've tuned closer to the next channel on the dial than to the previously locked-in one. Then, the comparator takes the easy way out and kicks the tuning oscillator directly up or down 200 kHz to the next channel.

Some digital tuners, like the Scott and Heathkit, have no knobs at all. Instead, they tune by sweeping automatically from one station to the next, by reading station cards inserted in a slot, or—in the Heathkit—by having you punch in the station number as you would a number on a push-button phone. Surprisingly, though, the simple knob-tuning system used on the Revox and the Kenwood digitals is at least as convenient to use, especially when you only know a station's approximate location on the dial.

Advanced design is rarely cheap: The Kenwood 700-T is $750, the H. H. Scott T-33F is $1,000, and the Revox A720 (which includes a preamp) is $1,300.95. The Heathkit AJ-1510 costs $560—plus about 30 to 60 hours of your time to build it; if you like kit-building, you can consider that recreational time—if not, you may consider the real cost higher than the dollar price tag.

Not all of that high price comes from digital tuning alone: Such tuners incorporate other design advances, yielding more performance gains than merely easier, more precise tuning. But then, at those prices, they'd better. □

Ivan Berger, a longtime contributor to SR, *is also electronics editor of* Popular Mechanics.

WIT TWISTER NO. 38

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 55.

Quite — — — — — with his
superficial life,
Ashamed of — — — — — kept
secret from his wife,
He joins no more in dalliance or
play—
But in his — — — — — dispatches his valet.

A. S.

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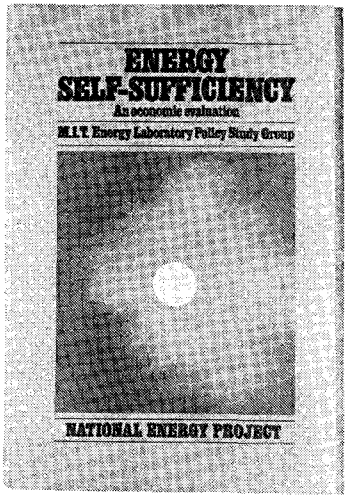
FROM AEI



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The Crime of Dispassion

by Henry Hewes

In this remarkable season when the majority of new theatrical attractions on Broadway have been imported from abroad, the most strikingly successful entry appears to be Peter Shaffer's *Equus.*

Equus locks together the ordeals of two very different protagonists. One, Martin Dysart, is a quietly unhappy psychiatrist, who has a longing for a Greek civilization where myths and rituals were based on instinctively experienced truths, but who has accepted a frigid marriage and package tours to Greece as a safe substitute for a more passionate and more fully realized existence. Martin's way of non-life is suddenly challenged when he is asked to treat the play's second protagonist, Alan Strang. Alan is a teenage psychopath, who has committed the incredibly horrible act of blinding all of the horses in a stable with a spike.

With insistent theatricality *Equus* follows the psychiatrist, as by means of various tricks and devices he uncovers the pertinent factors that have caused his young patient to go berserk. It is revealed that an incompatibility between Alan's mother and father has led Alan to acquire a religious fixation, which, when blocked, is transferred to a fixation on horses. Thus his ultimately unsuccessful attempt at lovemaking with a girl in a stable brings Alan a double wave of shame. Not only has he failed as a man among men, but also he has desecrated his temple of horses, whose staring eyes become unbearable. Quite superbly the action builds to a violent and naked climax in which Alan relives for us the terrible moment. This reliving is, we are told, the healthy process of abreaction that will cure Alan of his obsession with horses. However, we are also told that Alan had found, in the fierceness and nobility of the horse, an object worthy of worship in a world where true worship had become most difficult. And Martin concludes with a final lament that his cure will reconcile Alan to a smaller, worshipless living-out of his years.

Some American critics have found in Martin's situation a disguised statement of the plight of the timid homosexual, who lacks the courage to pursue the dangerous consummation of his desires. However, Shaffer has strongly denied any such intention, and the play works quite well if Martin is taken to represent the apparently ingrained tendency of many modern Britons to accept, without passion or anger, a well-ordered but watered-down existence. Yet the play's statement is less impressive than is Shaffer's skillful theatrical fabrication, which deftly finds layers of comic relief as he inexorably drills deeper into the hard rock of tragedy. Indeed, *Equus* emerges as a surprisingly painless modern tragedy, which accounts for both its popularity and the reservations some serious critics have expressed about its significance.

CERTAINLY A GREAT PART of the play's success comes from its boldly inventive staging, by John Dexter, and the dedication its performers bring to their nightly ritual. Using a stage arrangement similar to the one Ingmar Bergman developed for his Stockholm production of *Wozzeck,* Dexter creates all the play's action in an empty space between two opposing groups of theatergoers. Everything is simple and exact, with no scenery and all actors and props always onstage. When horses are required, some of the actors simply put on horses' heads, made of sculpted wire, and elevated iron hooves. Similarly, when a character must participate in a scene, the performers just rise from their onstage benches and beautifully manage their instant transformations into the characters they must play. Most spectacular is Peter Firth, who makes the furtive and insolent Alan into an ultimately sympathetic victim. And, as the troubled psychiatrist, Anthony Hopkins is frequently electrifying in quick flashes of deeply felt anger. And Marian Seldes, Roberta Maxwell, Michael Higgins, and Frances Sternhagen all suggest hidden depths in characters whose functions are primarily supportive.

All in all, one suspects *Equus* is at its truest when it is reflecting its author's anger at his own civilization. □

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Curmudgeon-at-Large

by Cleveland Amory

According to the *William Feather Magazine,* a salesman has to face his toughest question when a prospective customer asks, simply, "Why?"

The best answer, according to the same report, is for the salesman to reply, "Why do you ask why?"

It is also suggested, however, that the salesman, when he asks that, smile.

We can see—well—why.

In any case, hard on the heels of that information the *William Feather Magazine* goes on with two "whys" of its own.

"Why," it asks, "do investment counselors and market tipsters sell for trifling sums advice which they claim will make quick fortunes for the purchasers?"

"Why," it asks once more, "don't they play their own hunches?"

Well, sir, they have an answer to these two "whys," and this time it's nothing to do with why. The answer, apparently, is that someone who does *not* have an investment in a given stock can predict the future of that stock better than someone who has. The idea being that a personal stake in the market leads, as they put it, to "wishful thinking."

One thing is certain. There must be less of that "wishful thinking" than there used to be. Our own stock-market tip is simple. If you own stock in any company that builds a big building in New York, sell that stock pronto. Just think where you'd be if the day that Pan Am building went up, you'd sold Pan Am. Or the day that McGraw-Hill building went up—or, perhaps best of all, the day they started on that Avon building. It's simple—when buildings go up, stocks go down. Just the reverse, you remember, of skirts. When skirts go up, so do stocks. When skirts go down, so do stocks. You can't go by bikinis, though. Last year even the String didn't help.

BUDGET NOTE OF THE FORTNIGHT, as noted by Dr. Donald Conzett in the *Wall Street Journal*:

Thz Pzntagon is expected to stand firm on its announcement of military base cloyings and cutbacks, despite angry outcries fromhpolptpcians. Thz cuts would eliminate 11,600civilian defense jobs and convert 11,500mplptary suppogt jobs into combwth-billets.

Our suggestion is first break the code and then find out which side they're on.

GETTING-DOWN-TO-BUSINESS NOTE, as located by Sarah Grace Hower in a news brief from the *Tulsa World*:

IBM executives attend a seminar on combatting terrorism which now is regarded as objectionable.

The important thing, we always say, is to get to know the territory.

BALANCING-THE-BOOKS DEPT., discovered by William Adler of Brooklyn in *The New York Times*:

The New York Graphic Society is publishing next month "The World Bibliography of Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson"—608 pages—$60. It took Ronald De Waal, humanities librarian at Colorado State University, six years to compile. Now he is wrestling on his laurels.

But not, we hope, neglecting his roadwork.

WIRE SERVICE, as found by Jim Eason of television station KGO in San Francisco:

A SENIOR OFFICIAL RECALLED AN AMUSING INCIDENT THAT OCCURRED DURING KISSINGER'S LAST MEETING WITH THE POPE AT THE TIME OF PRESIDENT NIXON'S VISIT TO ITALY IN 1970.

MELVIN LAIRD, WHO WAS THEN DEFENSE SECRETARY, WAS ACCOMPANYING THE PRESIDENT'S PARTY. AS THE PARTY WAS ABOUT TO ENTER THE POPE'S RECEPTION ROOM, KISSINGER TOLD LAIRD HE SHOULD GET RID OF THE CIGAR HE WAS SMOKING. LAIRD HURRIEDLY PUT IT IN HIS POCKET, STILL LIT.

WHILE THEY WERE CONVERSING WITH THE HOLY FATHER, LAIRD'S PANTS STARTED TO SMOKE. SUDDENLY FEELING THE BURNING SENSATION AGAINST HIS LEG, HE STARTED VIGOROUSLY SLAPPING HIS THING. VATICAN OFFICIALS IN THE BACKGROUND THOUGHT HE WAS APPLAUDING SOMETHING THE POPE HAD SAID, AND THEY ALL STARTED TO APPLAUD.

Now that's what we call tact. □

"We super-rich are getting fewer in number all the time. People should stop picking on us."

Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 53): armed, derma, dream.

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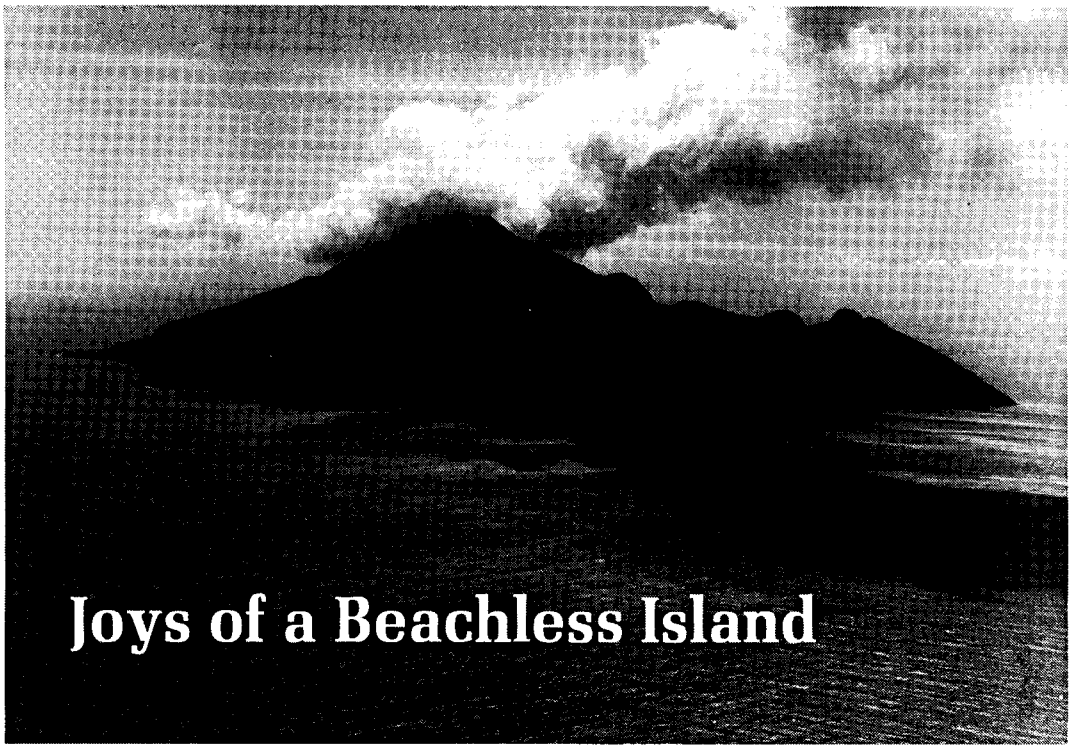

Joys of a Beachless Island

Helen Marcus

Saba, Netherlands West Indies—It has always exuded mystery and beckoned unabashedly.

by Horace Sutton

Just when we think we are going to run out of palmy retreats that have not yet been discovered by the beau monde, or been overdeveloped by hyperactive *commerçants,* or been curdled by native disenchantment with visitors, some new names leap from that inexhaustible list of tropic islands. Nevis calls. And so do the Tuamotus. One hears that Bequia is swathed in a palmy boa of charms, that Peter Island is the new place, that the Seychelles cannot be missed, that Montserrat is the *ne plus ultra* of never-never lands. One can scarcely dine out in stylish company without being able to discourse with verve on the merits of Beef Island over St. Bart's, an atoll that can claim handsome beaches as well as the occasional winter presence of David Rockefeller.

It was that way with Saba in the Netherlands West Indies, an island that rises, in picture-book fashion, straight out of the sea. To one supine on the sands of Great Bay in St. Martin, it has always exuded mystery and beckoned unabashedly. A decade and a half ago, I found myself getting up with the dawn, leaving behind the comforts of the Pasanggrahan, then a small inn on the beach of Great Bay, and taking a skiff out to a sailing ship that made regular passage to Saba.

The ride to that magic island took four interminable hours aboard the Blue Peter, as that link to this Dutch outpost was called, and when the sea churned, there was little to do but lie flat on deck and hold on to a hawser. Coming ashore was a bit of a trick, too, for it had to be done by longboat, and if the sea was too rough, there was a chance one might not land at all.

Well, that bit of romance in the handy Caribbean is gone, an airstrip having been built some years ago at a place known as Flat Point, near the settlement called Hell's Gate (population: 200). The landing is a little tricky, though not quite so swashbuckling as coming ashore by longboat. Windward Island Airways International, a long name for a small carrier, maintains a regular schedule of flights, some of which stop at St. Eustatius.

Some middlebrow avant-gardists, admittedly a mutative breed, have built small winter homes in the hills—there being few flat places—and some Americans have even come to stay here the year around. Small hotels have been developed, and they seem to thrive, an odd turn considering that Saba has no beaches, no casino, and no athletic fields on which the visitor can disport himself. Nonetheless, more than 6,000 people were ferried in by plane last year, and another 778 arrived by ship, landing at the new wharf built at the very place where Queen Juliana, when she visited this corner of her realm, took off her shoes and waded ashore. The quay can handle only visiting yachts or freighters, such as the *Antilia,* which comes in once a month from Curaçao bearing provisions. A few cruise ships drop anchor, perhaps two or three a year, not enough to disgorge the platoons of bargain hunters that swarm ashore at St. Thomas or St. Martin.

Day trippers and overnight guests congregate at Captain's Quarters, the leading inn, which is located in the megalopolis known as Windwardside (population: 350). Its 13 rooms, as well as its public salons, have been done, unexpectedly enough, in appreciable style. Affiliated with Oyster Pond in St. Martin, it is run by Rae Taylor Rossini and by Manolita Doelger, for many warm years the *directrice* of Italy's tourist fortunes in the United States. An empress of singular wit, persuasiveness, and sophistication, Mme. Doelger has expressed her influence not only in the style of Captain's Quarters but in the cuisine. The menu often sparkles with

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spaghetti Bolognese, made from her own recipe, and peaches in Asti Spumante, not an easy collation to conjure in these latitudes.

The old government guesthouse, the only place to stay when I first came ashore here in the late Fifties, is now Scout's Place, run by "Scout" Thirkield (real name, Charles), an old Caribbean hand. It has four double rooms and a single, and at $35 a day for two, meals included, it can offer what Scout terms "bed and board, cheap and cheerful." It has no hot water, but guests learn to shower in the late afternoon when the sun has warmed the water in the tanks.

So much has happened so fast in Windwardside that a modest mimeographed map has been printed showing the location of Captain's Quarters, Scout's Place, the post office, and such emporia as the Island Craft Shop, the general store called Green Shutters, and, most cosmopolitan of all, Van Guilder of Saba, run by Walter Campbell and Richard Gibson, a pair of refugees from the salt mines of the north.

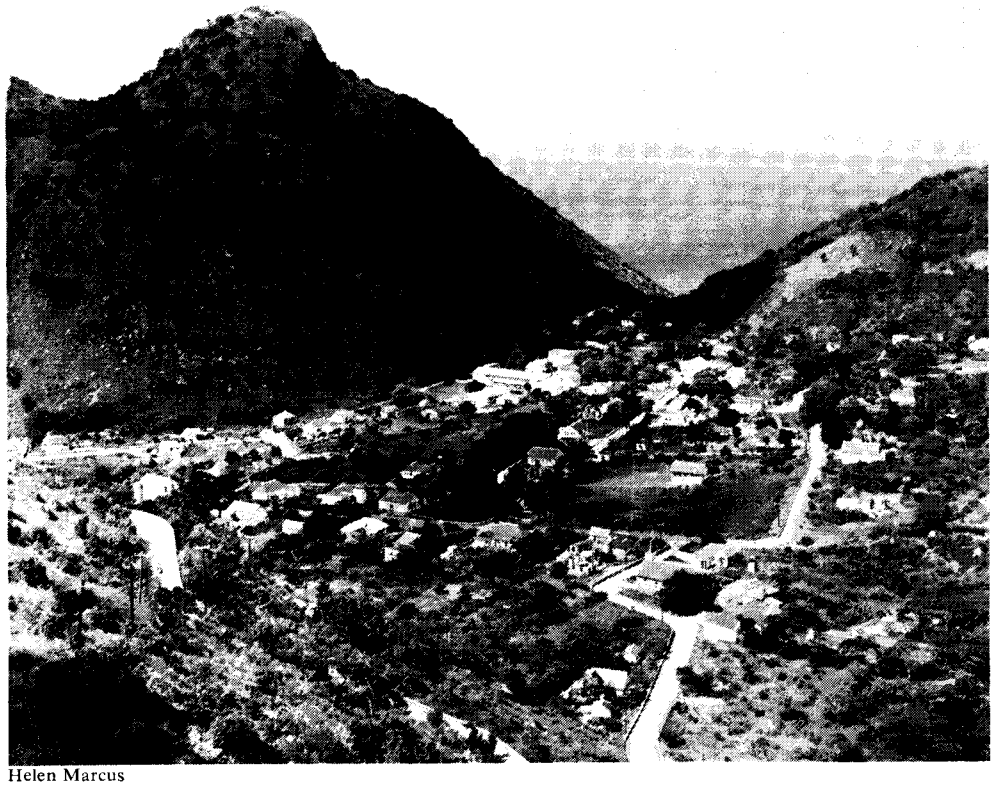
Van Guilder displays Makkum tiles from Friesland, Leerdam lovers' mugs, and such local oddities as cowrie shells, which some artful hand has inlaid with lizard designs. Campbell and Gibson have built their own house, remodeled from a Saban cottage, and done up another cottage, handsomely enough, which they rent for $150 weekly, $450 a month, or yearly—should anyone want to encamp for that long a period—at $400 a month.

The Saba shops sell the straw hats worn by the local folk, Saba fabric printed by Tillett of St. Thomas, and the drawn-thread work for which Saban women have long been famous. Until the visitors began to arrive, there was no commerce on Saba and precious little agriculture (the place is so steep the goats have to be shot to be retrieved for meat). The men took to sea and became famous as mariners; the women stayed home and sewed.

Ten of the nimblest fingers on Saba belong to Helen Peterson, who, like many white Sabans, speaks with the faintest of brogues and lives in a cottage surrounded by roses, citrus blossoms, and the gravestones of her ancestors. She imports her linens from Ireland and, with the deftness learned from her grandmother, creates intricate drawn-thread designs on shirts, nightgowns, cocktail napkins, head scarves, and bun-warmers. Once a mail-order enterprise with customers in the States, Mrs. Peterson's cottage industry now accepts orders from travelers who float into Saba by plane. Orders sometimes take nearly a year to fill.

For guests who stay at Captain's Quarters, there is an attractive little pool, one of the few on the island, although some of the 11 American homeowners have built them. The ambitious can climb to the heights of Mount Scenery, 2,900 feet above the blue of the sea. There is a tennis court in The Bottom, a town built inside a defunct crater. And there are those who say that the snorkeling is extraordinary on the west side of the island, off Ladder Bay. It is 11 miles to the Saba Banks, a fishing ground that

(Continued on page 60.)

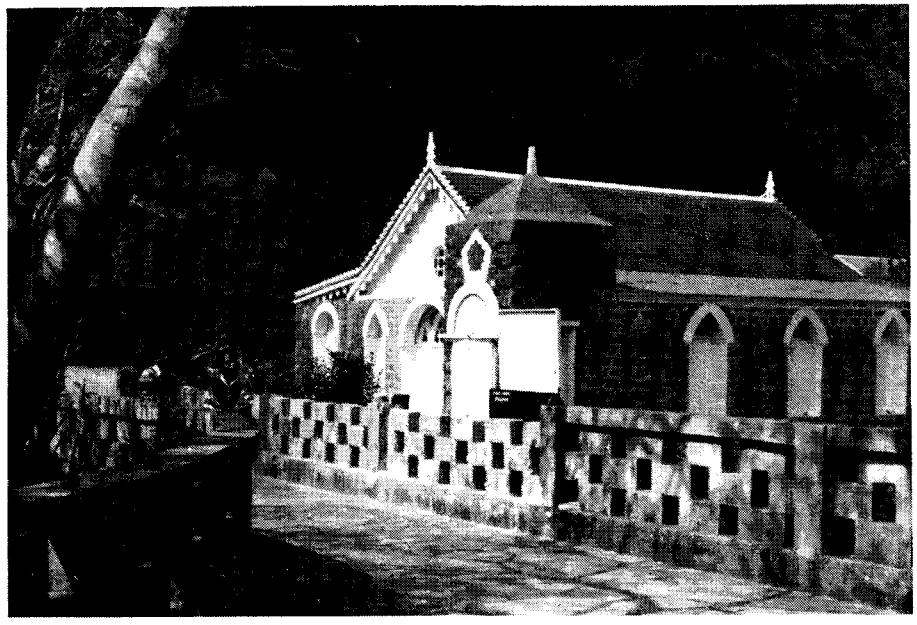


Helen Marcus

The village of The Bottom—A town built inside a defunct crater.

Wesleyan Holiness Church—No beaches, no casino, and no athletic fields.

H.S.



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Double-Crostic No. 65

by Thomas H. Middleton

1 C	2 N	3 E	4 L	5 S	6 B	7 G	8 Z¹	9 U	10 F	11 J	12 V		13 M	14 P	15 H	16 D							
17 C	18 O		19 R	20 Z²	21 N	22 J	23 T	24 B	25 F		26 A	27 U	28 P	29 F	30 Z¹	31 S	32 R						
33 V	34 Z²	35 C		36 A	37 Y	38 G	39 N	40 Q	41 H		42 W	43 Y	44 S		45 T	46 A	47 R						
48 K	49 Z²	50 G		51 J	52 Y	53 T	54 C	55 M		56 Z²	57 T	58 A		59 H	60 J	61 Y	62 N						
63 Q		64 I	65 B	66 L	67 A	68 Z¹		69 G	70 A	71 Z²	72 D		73 C	74 P		75 X	76 J						
77 B	78 N		79 I	80 Y	81 K		82 F	83 Z	84 M	85 C	86 A		87 T	88 P	89 U	90 Y	91 I						
	92 J	93 U	94 F		95 C	96 M	97 T	98 L		99 I	100 X	101 A		102 T	103 F	104 Z	105 E						
106 K		107 J	108 K	109 Z¹	110 I	111 Z	112 C	113 T	114 U	115 W	116 P		117 F	118 Z¹	119 J	120 N	121 M						
	122 X	123 E	124 G	125 Q	126 L		127 X	128 C		129 K	130 F	131 I	132 U	133 Z²	134 V	135 Z¹	136 T						
137 Q		138 N	139 G	140 A	141 C	142 J	143 M	144 Y	145 P		146 S	147 K	148 B	149 T	150 Z	151 U	152 O						
153 V	154 Z¹		155 M	156 L	157 C	158 T	159 A	160 Z	161 H	162 W	163 Q		164 Z²	165 E		166 J	167 S						
168 F	169 W	170 M		171 Q	172 X	173 B	174 L		175 L	176 O		177 P	178 D	179 V	180 Z²	181 Z	182 E						
	183 M	184 W	185 C	186 U	187 R	188 L	189 G	190 H	191 P	192 Z¹	193 Y	194 T	195 V		196 Y	197 J	198 P						
199 V	200 D	201 Q	202 W		203 R	204 N	205 G	206 P	207 B	208 O	209 U	210 X		211 Z	212 W	213 P							
214 M	215 H	216 U	217 C	218 W	219 R	220 D	221 V																

INSTRUCTIONS

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. One of MacHeath's ladies of easy virtue (full name, *The Beggar's Opera*)	36 46 70 86 101 140 159 26 58 67
B. Aegean island resort, one of the Cyclades	148 173 207 6 24 65 77
C. Slight illness; unwillingness	85 95 141 185 217 1 17 35 54 73 112 128 157
D. Popular dance of the Forties	178 200 220 16 72
E. Rises and disperses, as clouds, fog, etc.	105 123 165 182 3
F. Whirlybird	10 25 29 82 94 103 117 130 168
G. European pigeon, *Columba palumbus*, with a whitish patch on each side of the neck	189 205 7 38 50 69 124 139
H. Vogues	161 190 215 15 41 59
I. English composer (1685–1759; "Atalanta," "Serse")	64 79 91 99 110 131
J. Sandstone consisting of interlocking quartz grains and mica scales	142 166 197 22 119 11 51 60 76 92 107
K. Viragoes, shrews	108 129 147 48 81 106
L. Defeats by a narrow margin (2 wds.)	126 156 174 188 4 175 66 98
M. Bright radiance	121 214 13 183 55 84 96 143 155 170
N. Noisy disputes; rounds up hosses	138 204 2 21 39 62 78 120
O. Peeve, rile	152 208 18 176
P. Being both male and female	177 198 213 28 14 88 116 206 74 191 145
Q. Rode, ribbed	201 40 125 163 63 137 171
R. Policed, straightened	187 219 19 32 47 203
S. Female deer, especially in and after the third year	167 5 31 44 146
T. Double, for instance (comp. & wd.)	149 97 136 45 87 102 113 158 194 57 23 53
U. Destroy utterly, make void	89 186 209 27 93 151 114 216 9 132
V. American Presbyterian minister and evangelist (ca. 1758–1817)	179 199 221 134 153 33 195 12
W. Involve in difficulties	162 184 218 42 212 202 115 169
X. Motley crowd	75 100 122 127 172 210
Y. Feeling strong displeasure at something deemed unworthy, unjust, etc.	37 43 196 90 144 52 61 80 193
Z. "My _____ are my King's alone" (Scott, *Marmion*)	111 211 160 150 104 82 181
Z¹. Artful mention of something by denying that it will be mentioned	8 109 164 192 118 135 68 30 154
Z². Prominent, important, distinguished	34 180 56 20 133 71 49

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 64* appears on page 8.

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Light Refractions

by Thomas H. Middleton

Lenny

Last night I saw *Lenny*, the extraordinary film about the late Lenny Bruce. Dustin Hoffman's performance is brilliant. So are all the other performances. So is the direction.

So much for my critique.

Enough has been said about the remarkable fact that it was only a few years ago that Lenny Bruce was being arrested and harassed for using certain vulgar words in nightclubs, and that today Dustin Hoffman and several other actors use precisely the same words in a movie that has been given, not an X rating, but an R rating. I think it was probably Lenny Bruce who gave the most telling shove to the old barriers. Once they were breached, they toppled with startling suddenness. There's still debate about the value of the new freedom in film language, and I've met people who refuse to see most of the best new films because they don't want to be subjected to offensive language.

I wasn't a Lenny Bruce fan. I didn't think he was funny. And I didn't think we had to make vulgar language an acceptable part of social discourse, as he apparently did. Not that I object; I just couldn't see it as a worthwhile cause.

Willy-nilly, Lenny won. Today at proper dinner parties you can hear language that was once considered fit principally for military barracks, locker rooms, and pool halls. Whether that's a step in the right direction or not, I don't know, but it's a fact.

The thing Lenny Bruce did that I heartily endorse was to fight for the principle that no one should be jailed for the words he uses, no matter how offensive others might find them. (Obviously, we're not talking here about libel and slander, but of words that are, in themselves, offensive.)

I remember that when Lenny was being arrested for his language, the reports would say he'd been arrested for using an "unprintable" word. It always struck me that no words are actually unprintable and that what was meant was that Bruce had used "a word we'd rather not print, especially since we could get arrested for printing it."

I, for one, am glad that these printable words no longer subject to fine or imprisonment those who, for one reason or another, choose to print them.

There's a scene in *Lenny* that, if accurate, indicates that although Lenny Bruce had great respect for the power of words, there was one very important aspect of communication he didn't understand: that a word is usually dependent on the context for its meaning.

In his nightclub act Lenny asks, "How many niggers are out there?" Then he wanders through the audience saying, "There's a nigger; you look like a kike; I bet you're a spic; nigger nigger nigger, kike kike kike, spic spic spic." And he says the reason for doing this is that if we use the words often enough, they'll lose their power to hurt, "so that if a little six-year-old kid is called a nigger, it won't make him cry."

The fact is, of course, that if a little six-year-old kid, or anyone else, for that matter, is called *anything*—saint, hero, sweetheart, lover, Rocky, or pegboard—with the necessary amount of jeering contempt and hatred, it will probably hurt. In the case of a little six-year-old kid, he'll probably cry.

The point is that the context determines what is to be understood.

The first time I heard *honky*, I knew just what it meant. It was a successor to *ofay* but meaner and more hate-filled. "Rap" Brown said it on a TV newscast. No one had to wonder what a honky was, and no one doubted for a moment that it was an expression of loathing. I think every white American who watched that newscast was jolted in one way or another by that word *honky*, spoken with such vituperation. "Rap" Brown accomplished in that moment what he'd intended: He shocked, intimidated, angered, saddened—in sum, *affected*—those he was attacking. If we'd first heard *honky* spoken by, say, Walter Cronkite—" 'Rap' Brown today revealed a word he uses for white Americans; he calls them *honkies*"—we'd have known it to be a racist slur. But the power to jolt is in the context, not in the word.

These days, I don't find the word *honky* particularly offensive. It is hatred and blind anger that are frightening and depressing. Constant repetition of the words *nigger, kike, spic, honky*, and other disparaging terms will not prevent hate-filled people from making six-year-olds cry, I'm afraid. Only replacing the hate with compassion will do that. □

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discusses

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(Continued from page 57.)
can be trolled with great success by sportsmen. Some of the local fishermen will oblige sporting types, charging $45 for half-day, $65 for a full day, about half the price extracted by Florida and West Indian marinas. Trawling for wahoo is the major endeavor, a fish Sabans call kingfish mullet, pronounced *mull*-at.

Saba, which changed hands more than a dozen times, having been variously Dutch, French, and British, has always spoken English. The settlers came in 1640, refugees from nearby St. Eustatius (commonly called Statia). The new migrants found the land better for cultivation and the offshore waters a fine fishing ground. The steepness of the terrain made for a splendid isolation, and in case of attack the islanders could always —as they sometimes did—roll boulders down the steep hillsides.

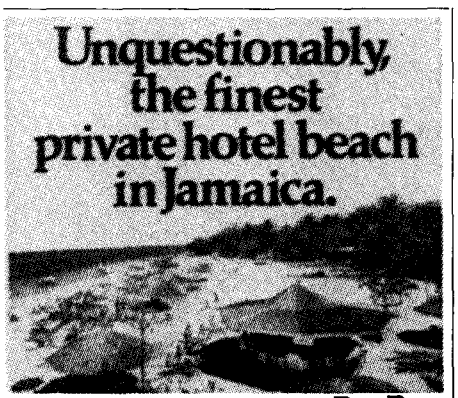
The population of 1,000 is split about half and half between blacks and whites, and although there is apparent strain between them, the blacks have gathered in the village called The Bottom while the whites are in predominance in the loftier purlieus of Windwardside. Saba has been permanently Dutch since 1843, and Dutch overtones are strong. Some blacks go to Holland to study and return with Dutch wives, but on the island there is not much fraternizing between the races.

The circumscribed real estate, as well as the remoteness—at least until recently —of the island, has, naturally enough, led to considerable intermarrying with all its attendant fallout. Nor is homosexuality unknown. Some journalists from abroad come ashore here, salivating for scent of scandal and searching for vacant stares and aberrations. One letter that appeared in the *Saban Herald,* a monthly mimeographed sheet founded in 1968 by Will Johnson, warned all Sabans as follows: "When confronted with Dutch journalists, please keep your mouths shut. Give them the time of day and refer them to someone that knows how to handle these people. Everything you say they twist to their liking and have nothing positive to say about Saba." The correspondent wrote from Holland.

In his own admonishments to the local government, which is run by an administrator dispatched from Curaçao, editor Johnson is no less forthright. He has been arrested by the authorities when in St. Martin, and he has been threatened by readers on Saba, but his columns can be both folksy and feisty. That his goatee gives him the look of the young Trotsky is only coincidental.

Despite this inconsequential backwash, there is talk of a new hotel of some 10 to 20 rooms that will look down on Windwardside and up to Mount Scenery. New residents who emigrated from Sarasota, which they found too hot in summer, have built a house here that hangs on a cliffside looking out to sea. A Puerto Rican architect chose a plot in Upper Hell's Gate, in an eagle's nest called Above the Bush. There he has put two Saban houses together, fitted them, incongruously—almost sacrilegiously—with sliding glass doors. The view sweeps off to Statia, and beyond to St. Kitts and Nevis. Far to the left is St. Martin and to the right, St. Bart's.

It's a long drive down to Nicholson's Supermarket, which is run by a radio announcer, and it is a bother to drive down to the new dock at Fort Bay, which has the only gas pump in town. Still, for a place that had no cars at all in 1949 and now has 150, that doesn't seem too much of a hardship. Television is pumped in from neighboring isles. A Dutch doctor is in residence and wheels about the island, presumably making house calls, in a natty sports car. If news from the rest of the world occasionally sullies the quiet air, and apples cost 40 cents each, a bottle of Dewar's White Label is only two dollars a fifth. There is a quiet in the nights, and only the twinkling of lights in The Bottom to tell of life. If too many visitors come, the islanders can always invoke the old ways and roll rocks down on the invaders. □



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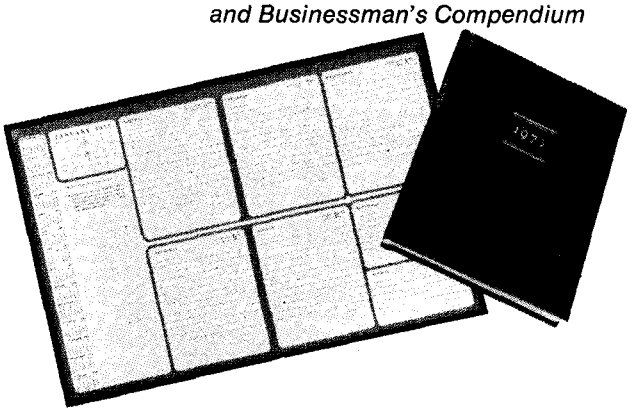

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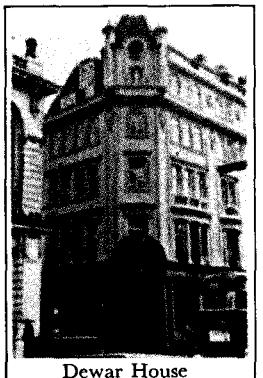

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